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TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

200th

OF THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Lot.

IN

MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

Historical Discourse

By GEORGE WARREN STEARNS

Oration

By THOMAS WESTON

WITH

OTHER ADDRESSES, PORTRAITS, DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG, ETC.

MIDDLEBORO
PUBLISHED BY THE CHURCH
1895

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Middleborough, Mass. First church.

Two hundredth anniversary of the First Congregational church in Middleboro, Mass. Historical discourse by George Warren Stearns; oration by Thomas Weston, with other addresses, portraits, descriptive catalog, etc. Middleboro, The Church, 1895.

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Descriptive catalog of the members of the First Congregational church, Middleboro, Massachusetts (continued from the church book pub. in 1854): p. 121-136.

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CONTENTS

	Page
Sermon by G. W. Stearns	8
Address by N. T. Dyer	31
Letter from J. W. Kingsbury	39
Address by H. A. Hanaford	40
Ode: "The Pilgrim Mothers"	53
Oration by Thomas Weston	55
Letter from Grover Cleveland	78
Address: "The Old Meeting House," by C. W. Wood	79
Address by John Eddy	87
Address by William E. Fuller	93
Letter from Morton Dexter	97
Letter from John D. Long	98
Address by Louis Ellms	99
Address by Richard G. Woodbridge	100
Letter from Herbert K. Job	107
Address by Henry E. Cobb	108
Letter from Merrill E. Gates	109
Letter from M. F. Johnson	110
Address by Benjamin L. Boomer	111
Chronological Notes	115
Biographical Notes concerning Pastors and others	116
Descriptive Catalog of Church-Members	124

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Meeting House in 1894	*Frontispiece*	
Portraits of Pastors Putnam, Sawyer, Hidden, Sawin	*Facing*	15
Portraits of Pastors Dyer, Hanaford, Kingsbury, Stearns	"	24
Portrait of Thomas Weston	"	55
Portrait of Joshua Eddy	"	73
Portrait of Rev. Charles Wilkes Wood	"	79
Portrait of Francis Greenleaf Pratt, Jr.	"	92
Portrait of Zechariah Eddy	"	95
Portrait of Thomas Weston, Sr.	"	120

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

At a business meeting of the First Congregational Church in Middleboro, April 15, 1894, it was voted to provide for a suitable observance of the two hundredth anniversary of the organization of the church.

A strict reckoning from the original organization, December 26, 1694, — correcting the old style calendar, — would bring the bi-centennial celebration January 6, 1895. It was presently determined to hold the commemorative exercises not in mid-winter, but in a season favorable for the largest possible attendance of friends. The date chosen was August 26, 27, 1894.

On those days the celebration was accordingly held, and was highly successful, the weather being all that could be desired, and the meeting-house filled to overflowing. The current newspapers gave numerous details not here mentioned, accounts specially full appearing in the Boston *Herald*, the Middleboro *Gazette*, and the Middleboro *News*.

The church feels thankful to a very large number of our townspeople, as well as to many other friends who, by their presence, their letters, their spoken words, their gifts, or their other assistance, have laid us under lasting obligation to them for the success of the occasion.

The committee was later instructed to prepare a fitting memorial volume. The result of their pleasant work is now submitted to the public, in the hope that the host of friends of

the First Church, though widely scattered, may find in these pages not only much interest, but a quickening of Christian longing for the triumph of Christ and his Church, and for the enrolling duly on earth of all those who hope to be enrolled in heaven.

G. W. STEARNS,
A. H. SOULE,
A. J. WOOD,
R. F. THOMPSON,
H. F. WOOD,
C. F. CORNISH,
CLARA A. COX,
SARAH E. STEARNS,
SARAH F. C. SPARROW,
LUCY S. BLISS,
Committee.

1895, May.

EXERCISES IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, 1894

The exercises of Sunday opened with a morning prayer-meeting at the parsonage.

At the meeting-house, which had been tastefully adorned with flowers and bunting, the worship began at 10.45, with the following order: —

ORGAN VOLUNTARY, "Laus Deo" . . . . . *Morrison*
By the Organist, Miss Nellie F. Wood

DOXOLOGY and GLORIA
By the Choir and Congregation

PRAYER
By the Pastor

RESPONSIVE READING, Psalms 86, 87
By Pastor and Congregation

ANTHEM, "Gloria," from Twelfth Mass . . . . . *Mozart*
By the Choir

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS, from Isaiah 62, and Ephesians 3
By Rev. H. A. Hanaford

HYMN-ANTHEM, "Jerusalem, my Glorious Home" . . *Lowell Mason*
Quartet and Chorus

PRAYER
By Rev. N. T. Dyer

CHORAL RESPONSE, "Grant, we beseech Thee, Merciful Lord" . *Gounod*

HYMN, "O where are Kings and Empires now?" Tune, "Tappan" . *Coxe*
By Choir and Congregation

OFFERTORY, "Cross and Crown" . . . . . *Dana*

SERMON
By the Pastor

TWO CENTURIES IN GOD'S WORK

. . . "What must we do, that we may work the works of God?" Jesus answered and said unto them, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." JOHN vi, 28, 29.

MEN have ever been believers in God. The tendency to believe in him is everywhere apparent, as a characteristic of the race. It is true that in fiery periods of persecution, ages before this ancient church was gathered, the early Christians were charged with being atheists, because they had no idols. And it is true that the prince of Greek philosophers, for a reason not very different, was cruelly condemned to drink the hemlock, though the falsity of the accusation is abundantly proved by what his beloved disciples, Plato and Xenophon, have told of their illustrious teacher, for Socrates, like our Savior, left no writings, and, again strangely like him, furnished to his followers a large part of the luster of their names.

Even of barbarians, as well as cultivated nations supposed to believe in many gods, it is well established that some one among their divinities was supreme. Under some name — Zeus, or Jove, or Joss, or the great spirit Manitou, of the Indians whom John Eliot so wonderfully Christianized in this very region two hundred and fifty years ago — human beings have steadily borne their witness to the Jehovah who made them in his image.

Whoever believes in God might naturally be found raising the question which was put to the Master in the Capernaum synagogue. Our Lord had just counseled men to work not for perishable food, like loaves and fishes, but for something better. Then came the question, blunt but not unwelcome, "What must we do that we may work the works of God?" as if they reasoned, "We believe in God; perhaps he has some work for us to do; we have but a short time to stay here, and

ought to make no mistake about that work; this wonder-working teacher might tell us just what constitutes such work; we will ask him."

Some would have answered as it is often said now, "God's work means giving bread to the hungry; it is helping your poor neighbors to clothing and shelter, or perhaps to mental food, like books." And they would point to Christ's own words about a cup of cold water, and about being hungry, sick, or naked, and then relieved.

But such a reply is obvious. "These ye ought to have done," indeed, but there was a certain other vital thing not to be left undone. One need not preach to common men the duty of not flying at each other's throats. But ordinary people may well be counseled against certain real dangers; for instance, cherishing hateful feelings. Therefore Jesus, in the Sermon on the Mount, instead of merely repeating the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," preaches against a hateful spirit, effectively showing that the familiar rules about murder, adultery, etc., had more meaning than was on their surface. Only a hardened wretch would withhold literal bread from the starving. That ordinary men would leave undone their duty in that connection there was, and is, little likelihood. There was, however, great danger of men failing to see the work of God in a certain aspect which Christ proceeded at once to reveal.

The claim is often made that there has been a sweeping and fundamental change in preaching, and that the old doctrines are no longer believed, and in proof it is alleged that certain sterner features of Bible teaching receive less emphasis or find less frequent utterance than formerly. Yet the modern is not "another gospel." It would be more truthful to say that the alert church seeks in every epoch to choose out of the wealth of her treasury of Christian truth such ideas as Milton might style

"... wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best";

in other words, such as are best suited to the varying conditions of the particular age, and therefore most likely to be

effective. So a queen may select from her wardrobe the garment most becoming the special occasion; or take from her jewel-case whatever gem is most adapted to the time, but by no means throws away those not then used.

Accordingly, when Jesus hears the simple question, couched in terms so plain, "What is God's work?" instead of uttering truths which any one's common sense would suggest, and saying, "Relieve the distressed," he replies: "God's work is to believe on him whom he hath sent." When James wrote his New Testament letter, the same spirit must have whispered to him to make his description of pure religion include not simply the obvious features, such as helping the class typified by the widow and fatherless, but also keeping unspotted from the world. The former duty is plain; the second might easily be neglected. In a word, one must attend to spiritual cleansing — a work, it will be discovered, which can be done only by the blood of Christ.

Things not material ever run a risk of being ignored. One side of a truth is so vividly seen that men hastily deem it the only side. The temporal necessities of men are so imperiously thrust upon our attention that many a good and intelligent man allows himself to suppose that the main mission of the church in the world is to furnish material aid to the destitute; as if to be heart-hungry were not worse. A recent startling book,[1] written by a devoted Christian, would seem to foster the impression that humanitarianism is the sum of the gospel. When we contemplate the fierce pressure of congested misery, poverty, and sin, such as every great town discloses, we can be excused for a temporary mistake. Yet is there not a plain contrast between the shallow and the profound answer to the question: What constitutes God's work in the world?

Hushing the din of past centuries' debating about faith and works, comes the statement of Jesus which many people have strangely overlooked. The work of God is to believe on

[1] "If Christ came to Chicago," by W. T. Stead.

Christ. Here is something worthy of study, and one can indorse the word of old John Selden in his "Table Talk," when in deploring the unhappy division of faith and works, likening them to the light and heat of a candle, he said, "Nay; in a right conception, *fides est opus;* if I believe a thing because I am commanded, that is *opus*."

If this is true, it follows that helping others to believe on Christ is also God's work, for his Son's final and memorable order was to go and make disciples of all the nations, teaching them to observe all his commands.

Such a work, then, — believing and helping others to believe on Christ, — is what for two centuries this historic church has been doing. In a spirit far from boastful do we throng this meeting-house to-day. It is glory enough for any or all men to have done humblest services for our Lord. Yet we feel a proper pride in the thought that for these many generations our ancestors and ourselves have been really, though humbly, doing God's work in holding up the cross of Christ, like a beacon that ever shines while it "stands and waits." Whatever our church has left undone, — and doubtless that is much, — will any one deny that she has stood for righteousness, for God, and for God's work, ever since that winter day in 1694, when those nine women and eleven men organized under the leadership of revered Samuel Fuller, whose dust on yonder hill-top is yet awaiting the Master's word to arise?

It is a blessed thing, not to be underrated, simply to take a stand before the world as a servant of God. That even score of honored fathers and mothers in our Israel were like brave sailors who nail their flag to the mast, lest by accident it even seem to be lowered in surrender. Not many churches in our republic have raised and kept the banner of the cross upheld longer than it has been done in this ancient town. And be it not forgotten that those churches which, in the vicissitudes of time, have become no more, have as a rule gone down as the "Cumberland" sank in Hampton Roads, more than thirty years ago, with the colors still waving above the place where

the ship was a wreck. It is our happy lot to have been sustained in healthy existence all these ages while God's truth has been marching on. Like Paul at the Three Taverns, let us to-day thank God and take courage. Substantially the same idea possessed the mind of your illustrious minister, when, fifty years since, he bade his people, including some of you who are spared to this day, see in the preceding century and a half of their history a proof of the psalmist's words which to-day adorn yonder wall: "Great is Thy faithfulness."

After so interesting and thorough a harvest of historical matter as was published soon after Dr. Putnam's well-known discourses, there is little left for the gleaner to bring from that early period, rich though the history proves to be. Let it speak for itself. We may well be embarrassed by the magnitude of our task. To review two hundred years in any way that shall be satisfactory and yet not weary all patience demands gifts which none of us can furnish.

Two centuries! Think what they mean. But the other day, as it were, we were celebrating the ever famous event of 1492. Our church dates back almost precisely half way to the discovery of America; more than half way back to the martyrdom of the famous Florentine, Savonarola, in 1498. The grandfather of our first pastor might have seen Martin Luther and John Calvin, who died in 1546 and 1564. His father may have known Shakspere or Cervantes; Mr. Fuller himself may have met John Milton, who was somewhat his senior, and John Bunyan, who was a little younger than he. Local chroniclers delight to record that one member of our church is said to have actually seen Oliver Cromwell, and witnessed the beheading of Charles I, in 1649. This was the venerable Luke Short, for whom yonder street where his home stood is named, and who attained the wonderful age of one hundred and sixteen years.

Perhaps we may more vividly locate the date 1694, if we recal some famous names. William and Mary were then on the English throne; bishops Berkeley and Butler were boys, growing up in England to help the famous Locke Christianize

the wayward philosophy of Spinoza, then influential in Europe; the poet-laureate, John Dryden, and in France La Fontaine, had won their fame in the world of letters; the great contemporary names in natural science were Isaac Newton and the German Fahrenheit; the renowned artists, Rembrandt and Murillo, had but lately passed away; of the acknowledged kings in the realm of music, Händel, aged ten years, was composing his first sonatas, and that other musical genius, Bach, was but a year younger; as an explorer, Bering the Dane was about to achieve his fame; while in our own country the Frenchman, Joliet, was exploring the Mississippi River, already visited by his countryman, Jacques Marquette, whose name and Christian character still live around the Great Lakes; William Penn and Cotton Mather were in the midst of life; Harvard College was but a child of fifty-five years, while six years must pass before old Yale would be born.

During Thomas Palmer's pastorate, Gibraltar came into English possession.

While youthful Peter Thacher, Jr., fresh from our American Cambridge, was writing sermons in Middleboro, in the mother-country, Addison, Defoe, and Pope were writing for the world.

Our fourth minister, Sylvanus Conant, went to Abraham's bosom the year before Rousseau and Voltaire, noisome blossoms of a century-plant of infidelity and coarseness, died and were buried. Mr. Conant was barely twenty-five years old when he came. His pastorate saw American independence achieved.

Joseph Barker, our fifth pastor, served us from 1781 to 1816, that stirring period when the violence of the French Revolution shocked the world with its atrocities; when our nation was again at war; when Napoleon's boundless ambition was checked by the English arms at Waterloo. It was during this period that John Wesley was called heavenward, in 1791. Mr. Barker has been commended for his able, learned, and courageous work here, and we may thank God that then the good ship had a strong hand at its helm to keep it from being swept off its true

course by the contrary winds of Unitarianism, which in the early years of the nineteenth century were peculiarly strong.

Our sixth pastor, Emerson Paine, appears to have come hither directly from his student life, in 1816. Both he and his successor, William Eaton, had what in those days were called short pastorates, continuing respectively about six and ten years each. But the record of numerous new members whispers of faithfulness and ability on the part of these under-shepherds.

The records made during our seventh pastor's service show the church trying to keep herself pure. She disciplined members for drunkenness, "hauling wood on Sunday," damming a brook to a neighbor's inconvenience, prolonged neglect of worship, etc. Some dead branches were wisely pruned away. In 1830 was observed a day of fasting and prayer[1] for the Sunday school. It was in Mr. Eaton's day that the church joyfully entered into its present comely house, whose outlines of stainless white seem to our fond eyes as fair as Ionian marble.

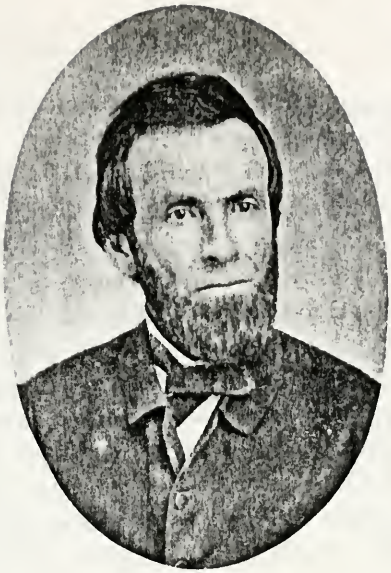
In 1835 came our eighth minister. We now approach a time so near to the present that to enumerate particulars revives many memories.

This very Sabbath day, perhaps this very hour, measures sixty years, save one, since a new face appeared in this pulpit.[2] The stranger had a smooth-shaven countenance, was about forty-eight years old, and was evidently a gentleman and scholar. He was of medium stature, and had a benign, dignified bearing. Fifty-nine years ago last evening, seated probably in the ancient Sproat Tavern, which, till 1891, stood opposite the parsonage, he began a letter to his family, giving his first impressions of our town. He remarks the serene landscape, and the roominess of the church environs. Never dreaming of the later publicity of his letter, he proceeded to record his feelings as he realized that his preaching on that August Sunday was destined either to soften or harden the

[1] For answer, see page 20.

[2] 1835, Aug. 23, was the Sunday referred to.

I. W. Putnam



R. H. Sawyer

E. N. Hidden

T. P. Sawin

hearts of his hearers. When it is added that he had just driven from Portsmouth, N. H., I have said more than enough to reveal who was the strange preacher of that morning. It was Israel Warburton Putnam, known and loved by thousands in this vicinity for his works' sake, and even now by hundreds remembered most affectionately.

Little thought Mr. Putnam, it is likely, as he first preached the words of life to the old church associated with the fame of Thacher, Conant, and Barker, that he himself was destined to add his own name with honor to that list of veteran ministers who had here preached thirty-six, thirty-three, and thirty-five years, respectively. But it was even so, and for a round score and a half of years it was his happy lot to tell the people of Middleboro and vicinity of the love and work of our Savior God.

After his college days at Harvard and Dartmouth had ended, in 1809, he began to read law, but ere long, quickened spiritually, it is said, by contact with a youthful college mate, Daniel Poor, who later was an eminent missionary in Ceylon, young Mr. Putnam felt that mysterious pressure which Christians commonly interpret as the Master's wish, in the direction of the ministry. At some sacrifice of temporary feelings (perhaps a greater sacrifice than the record shows), he yielded, and found the new choice blest. When he took up his residence in this region of peculiar historic interest, he speedily formed warm friendships with the neighboring pastors, among whom in time he became a Nestor. He was young enough to bring ardent hopes and enthusiasm. He was sufficiently mature to profit by the wisdom gained from his twenty years of pastoral service in Portsmouth. The records of this church during his long stay are by his own hand, and they trip lightly over his own large share in molding the religious life of the town. Happily, there are too many of his friends surviving to make it difficult to learn how much his personal service meant. He was able, like Cæsar, to know the names of his soldiers; nay, rather like the Good Shepherd, to know his own sheep

and call them by name. He pushed the Christian work in neighborhood meetings. Deeming the chapel unsuited to evening meetings, he held them, as they are still frequently held, in cottages and school-houses, his familiar announcement being "at early candle-light." Once in two months there was a day prayer-meeting, and on the first Sabbath of each month a missionary concert of prayer for the conversion of the world. It has been said that he took considerable worldly satisfaction in his fleet horse and chaise, yet for every tongue mentioning that surely ten tell of his love for this church, for many of you who remember him, and for your sires.

Though Dr. Putnam was a firm believer in government by the people in both civil and ecclesiastical affairs, being therein thoroughly Congregational, he was a genuine bishop, ordained of God, if ever one was. And as such, this courtly combination of aristocrat and democrat went about doing good unto all men. He baptized the children; when they were grown they came from far and near to be joined in marriage by him; he welcomed them, when they were ready, into the fellowship of the church; in sickness and trouble he ministered to them; and in this sacred place, and in nearly every home in this town, he bade hundreds of them farewell, who had winged their way from earth's fatigue to heaven's rest.

His ministry here had begun, it is said, in a somewhat disturbed, if not partly disaffected, parish. Though his advent was by no means like the feat of his redoubtable kinsman, Gen. Israel Putnam, famed for entering the wolf's den, yet it is greatly to his praise that he proved a "peacemaker."[1] A noteworthy characteristic of our *doctor angelicus* was his tenderness of others' feelings. If anywhere, it must have been here that he erred — in being too gentle and considerate. Sometimes, instead of speaking, he would write a note about Christ to impart to some friend a special impulse, at once delicate and

[1] See Rev. N. T. Dyer's sermon in 1878, at the semi-centennial of the dedication of the present meeting-house.

effective. He was accustomed to mark his initials upon various articles of property on the parsonage premises. Those marks have mostly disappeared. Not so what he marked indelibly on the hearts of our townspeople. Here is a characteristic entry from his record in 1842, hinting plainly his high opinion of what the church should be. Twenty-eight men and fifty women had met at two o'clock in the vestry. "The brethren," we read, "made free disclosure of their feelings and their views of the prospects of religion among us. Generally their hearts appeared to be low. There were, however, some exceptions. On the whole, the meeting was solemn, and I think important. I exhorted the church to awake from their sleep and call upon GOD."

So the years passed, bringing the peculiar blessings of a long pastorate. The Lord came into his garden several times with reviving power, as the modest records of the pastor could ill conceal, and pastor and people repeatedly rejoiced together over new Christians. A word-picture is given of a row of inquirers seated on the sofa at the south side of the parsonage parlor, and Dr. Putnam leaning forward, with a hand upon each arm of the chair which he had drawn up before them, earnestly asking all how it was with them.

One special wish of Dr. Putnam was fulfilled. He had said that if he could have his preference, he would choose, as a time to die, a period of revival. In just such a condition, when he was living retired in the old mansion yonder on Plymouth Street (then known as the Dr. Sturtevant house), when his successor, Mr. Sawyer, had become pastor, and a great revival was actually in progress, disease came upon him. Happily, he was able to share for a time in the joyful scenes. He delighted to learn the names of all the new believers. It is said by one of them that he would sometimes set forth ideals of the Christian life so exalted as almost to discourage the converts. While showers of blessing were still falling upon our town, the last enemy drew near, and began to rob Dr. Putnam of the remnants of his strength. Some weeks of pain and feebleness

preceded his final victory. It was in May, 1868, one Sunday when the church was to sit at the communion table, when the sun had risen above the ocean high enough to shine over the eastern pines into his windows, that God's messenger seemed to hear the "striving" man cry, "Let me go, for the day breaketh!" In the glory of the Sabbath morn, Dr. Putnam was more than conqueror.

At the impressive funeral service, Dr. Elijah Dexter, by previous mutual arrangement, would have preached the memorial sermon, had not Dr. Putnam already had the sorrowful privilege of speaking over the Plympton pastor's remains. So the office fell to a son, afterward the distinguished scholar, Dr. Henry M. Dexter. The sermon[1] reveals anew the modesty of the widely lamented pastor. The preacher had been pledged by him that eulogy should be waived, and when the time came, the promise made no slight embarrassment for the speaker thus hampered. Dr. Putnam's remains were gently borne to God's acre yonder, where they now repose, distant but a few rods from this pulpit where his living hands and voice were so often raised in loving appeal or benediction. Go, see the white shaft of marble. Shall this old church ever be blest with his like again? Certain it is that he, being dead, yet speaketh. For many a year to come traditions will linger, and keep the revered name fragrant. In time, some avenue or park in our town will bear his name. But no such memorial needs he, whose enduring monument is in the hearts of men.

The new minister who came in February, 1866, was Rufus Morrill Sawyer. He was born in Maine, in 1820, and next Saturday would be his birthday. Like his distinguished predecessor, he came hither from a New Hampshire church, and likewise began his work here in the maturity of his powers. Mr. Sawyer had entered the ministry somewhat late in life, having previously preached but seven and five years, in two

[1] Printed at the Middleboro *Gazette* office.

parishes. He was of size above the average, with dark hair, and a physique apparently robust. But appearance was misleading. We are told that in his first parish he had labored hard in circumstances requiring peculiar grace and diligence on his part, and he was never well physically after leaving it. Thank God, Mr. Sawyer was well in other respects, as many could to-day testify who during his stay were brought out of the world's poverty into the wealth of the Christian life. It was his glory and joy to witness the most sweeping triumph of the gospel which this region has seen since the great revival that gladdened good Mr. Thacher, in 1742. The veteran Dr. Putnam had rejoiced in some goodly gains, but, as we have observed, greater ones were reserved to thrill his eyes and heart before God took him away like Moses from Pisgah. These aisles and pews, in March, May, and July of the memorable year 1867, saw scores of people, young and old, standing and pressing forward to receive before this pulpit the right hand of welcome into this venerable church. In that one year, one hundred and three joined our company (all but five by confession of faith), of whom many continue to this day. If any historian were to omit mention of those happy scenes, I fancy, as Habakkuk says, the beams would cry out their protest from the voiceless wall. O blessed days departed! would that your counterpart might thrill us with new gladness, as in those months when angels must have looked on with rapture, as if exclaiming, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

For all this wonderful story I am sure the happy pastor of the epoch would be the last to claim the praise. Dr. Putnam and Mr. Sawyer were God's husbandmen. One had indeed planted, the other watered, but neither gave the increase. That was God. Yet what lover of Christ would not exult to be connected with an experience of the sort? Let us not care too much who holds the sickle, provided only the precious grain is harvested seasonably into the garner of Him to whom it belongs. How can the world be deaf to the Master's words? "All souls

are mine;" . . . "Will a man rob God?" . . . "Render . . unto God the things that are God's."

Mr. Sawyer's ministry was blest, both before and after his Middleboro life, with powerful religious awakenings. Before the congregation he was vigorous and persuasive, and he was peculiarly strong and winning in his frank and persistent preaching, face to face, with individual men. Here is a tableau: A winter day; a two-horse sled is moving along the neighboring highway, squeaking and groaning under its heavy load of wood; behind it on foot, to keep warm, two men are trudging; one is Mr. Sawyer; they are earnestly talking, but we are sure their topic is not roads, nor weather, nor politics. The next scene is in this meeting-house a few weeks later; the same two men stand before the congregation, and one of the two is for the first time doing what the Savior bade men do in remembrance of him. The picture is typical. In the case above cited, the man had been a secret and negative Christian for some time, but the ninth pastor brought him out to show his Lord's colors, and be counted.

The Sunday school used to meet only from April or May to December, before Mr. Sawyer came. Thenceforward, its sessions lasted through the year, like the evergreen foliage of our pines.

Many recal Mr. Sawyer in his assiduous devotion to pastoral labor, — that task so delightful, yet in some respects so wearing, which makes the minister's life the happiest, and yet, strange to say, burdensome. One friend exclaims: "How that man did walk! He would travel on foot through drifted snows for miles in succession." For his health, think you? For exercise? To kill time? How absurd the questions! He was on his Master's business, to catch men — and he caught them.

O, how plain is the teaching of that life! Would that we Christians of to-day might all feel as Mr. Sawyer felt about God's work, — "How am I straitened till it be accomplished!" Perhaps we may heed a warning, too. For his habit was, it

seems, to work as he walked, fast and hard, possibly too hard. The parsonage sheltered a large family, yet for his neighbors he was ready to spend and be spent, not sparing himself. The sequel is sadly brief. A throat difficulty seized him, and in 1869, resigning his charge, he moved to Iowa, hoping that the inland air might bring relief. Before he was fairly settled, typhoid fever invaded his new home; two of his children were taken, and though he recovered, his restoration was but partial. A brief journey afforded little help. His hour was at hand. It was in the year 1872 that his great heart cried to God for special grace, which he surely needed and doubtless received, to aid him in parting from his wife and five children remaining. From LeMars, Iowa, when New England's millions were in the hight of their Thanksgiving joy, this man of God was caught up to Paradise.

Ah, there was a workman needing not to be ashamed. His three short years of service here left a fadeless picture for the inspiration of us and our children. His is a heroic figure in our history. Faber has sung, —

> "O, it is hard to work for God,
> To rise and take his part
> Upon this battle-field of earth,
> And not sometimes lose heart!"

Yet the magnificent lesson is before us in Mr. Sawyer's life, that the work of God pays sweeter rewards than they surmise who have not enlisted in it.

After a slight interval, there came, in 1869, your tenth minister, Ephraim Nelson Hidden. He was born and educated in New Hampshire. Day after to-morrow will be the anniversary of both his birth and marriage. It will then be eighty-four years since his birth. He is, of course, well remembered by many persons present. He is described as a solid and portly man in stature, and as wearing a black beard. His age on beginning work here was sixty, even greater than that of his experienced predecessors. Mr. Hidden was at once recognized as a man of decided talent, though not of the showy sort. While some

rated him conservative in his methods, all seem to have acknowledged him as beyond question a man of ability. Evidently he was a good, old-fashioned, scholarly preacher. He is spoken of as being somewhat animated in his preaching of the gospel, and in his practising of it a pattern of honor. He had declined the church's first formal call, owing perhaps to some local conditions which disposed him to hesitate, and for the same reason it may be that his work among us was more arduous than it might have been. But he was no child, to let any trivial circumstance baffle him, and he faithfully preached his Master's word, welcoming fifteen new members. After his resignation he preached for six years in Edgartown and Norfolk. One November Sunday he preached twice in East Medway, and before the Sabbath was past he was taken to his eternal home. His age, when the end came, — or rather when the glory began for him, — was more than seventy. His memory is that of the just. It is blessed.

Theophilus, "lover of God," was the appropriate baptismal name of your eleventh pastor, Theophilus Parsons Sawin,[1] who began work here in 1875. He was equipped with a ripe experience of nearly fifty-eight years, and his name is well known in New England. Of his physical appearance some have remarked a certain likeness to our most recent ex-pastor.

Mr. Sawin earnestly took up his blessed labor, and speedily won the esteem and confidence of the people. He was not so youthful as to excite questions as to his capability, nor yet so old as to raise doubts of his efficiency. Men pronounce him an excellent preacher. In some particulars he showed a marked contrast to his predecessor. Where Mr. Hidden would have been cool and collected, Mr. Sawin would be inclined to vehemence of feeling, though he was, I judge, ever master of himself. The value of both these qualities is well conceded. It is certain that Mr. Sawin was a devoted minister, a fluent speaker, up with the times, progressive, animated, and interesting in

[1] Born 1817 Feb. 4, in Natick, Mass.

both public and private life. He welcomed forty into our fellowship on confession of faith. In December, 1877, he left us, and became pastor in Lyndeboro, N. H. Seven years later he moved to Medford, Mass., and a tombstone there tells us that in a year so recent as 1886[1] he was summoned to a heavenly mansion.

It is fitting at this point to pause a moment in our prolonged yet incomplete review of this church in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Our pastors thus far described — eleven true modern apostles — are all now glorified. Their average term of service in this place was above seventeen years. Four of them died between fifty and sixty years old; three in their sixties; three in their seventies; and Dr. Putnam, the veteran who was spared to eighty-one, brought the measure of their earthly life to the goodly average of sixty-five years.

We now come in our consideration to times that have no antiquity about them. One hundred and eighty-four years have been reviewed. "There were giants in those days." Now a new period begins. In 1878, there was restored the era of comparatively young men in this pastorate. The welcome presence of two of my happy predecessors on this occasion makes it difficult for the present speaker to escape embarrassment, save by throwing it upon Messrs. Dyer, Hanaford, and Kingsbury. Happily, this recent period is well known. Let us, however, note a few events in this trio of pastorates.

The afternoon sermon was dispensed with, not without misgiving on the part of some, lest the action be an unworthy surrender to drowsy powers. The loss was met by more frequent school-house meetings in outlying districts, and by regular evening worship.

In 1888, the Putnam Christian Endeavor Society was organized, and to this we owe much of our present enthusiasm and hope. Born in weakness, it soon grew in strength, and has become an increasing power in the work of God.

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[1] Jan. 19.

Perhaps the social qualities in earlier generations were cultivated more than it has been commonly supposed, but certainly the period now under review has witnessed a marked unifying of our church's social life, and our second century in departing sees our healthy old church solidified and strengthened both socially and spiritually by its youthful element. Many material blessings elsewhere noted have come in these latter days, and they give us cause for gratitude. Only sickness or other weighty reasons have cut short the pleasant and fruitful pastorates of my three immediate predecessors, whose place in the hearts of our people is still secure.

It is surely a matter for rejoicing that these fourteen men, whose service so nearly fills two hundred years, were all worthy — men of prayer, men of God. It is almost ungracious even to hint at one being temporarily under discipline in the early years of the eighteenth century. Hear again those significant Bible names: Samuel, Thomas, Peter, Joseph, Israel, Ephraim, Theophilus, Nathan, Josiah. In their meaning, their association, and especially their personality, we may feel naught but satisfaction to have them with the rest in our pastoral catalog.

There is one serious omission in our annals. What of those sweet-spirited counselors who in quiet ways have contributed perhaps as much as have these honored fourteen to Christ's cause — the women of the parsonage? Most of the unadvertised labors of these gentle and silent partners are beyond the reach of a modern student. As far as we can learn, they were worthy helpmeets, while having, of course, their own ways of thinking and working.

Mrs. Eaton is pleasantly remembered as a Sunday-school teacher.

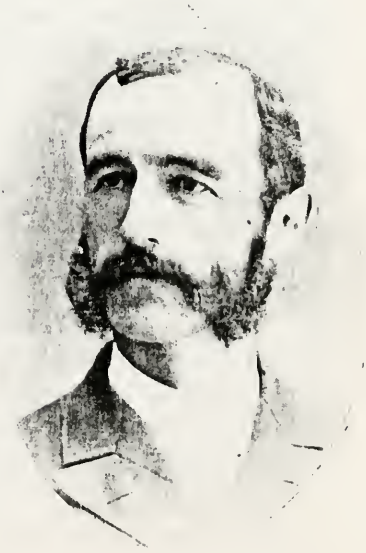
Of Mrs. Putnam a friend testifies: "I always had something good to think about after visiting her." She was naturally disposed to be conservative in her view of woman's sphere and work. In her day, it was none but a brave lady who would sometimes speak in a social gathering of Christians.

Everybody loved Mrs. Sawyer. She was always helpful,

N. T. Dyer.

H. A. Honsford.

J. W. Kingsbury



G. W. Stearns

and knew how to sympathize with mothers in the parish, even if like her they had a set of seven children to bless the home. Returning from her western abode, she used occasionally to visit Middleboro. Her benevolences were largely private, but they cannot be entirely hidden even at this date.

Like stories are told of Mrs. Hidden. She is said to have been a very quiet woman, but a very Christlike one. Her daughter had musical gifts, and during the residence here of the family, there was an increased interest in music.

Mrs. Sawin was a Dorcas, though doubtless not the first one to merit that title among the mistresses of our manse. She loved and clothed certain unlovely but needy persons, and her charities are not forgotten.

About Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. Hanaford, and Mrs. Kingsbury cluster many vivid and affectionate remembrances. The tale of their gracious influences, like those of our goodly succession of honorable women from the beginning, might easily be prolonged, but it cannot be told in full. All appear to have been esteemed, and all were workers.

Our churchly republic has not been ungrateful to its leaders, and their service seems to have been both consecrated and efficient. The First Church has encountered some troubled waters, but a mighty Hand has steered us safely through them. It has been remarked that a popular civil government might occasionally profit by the temporary aid of a wise king; sometimes it may be that our church would have been a gainer by the touch of some wise prelate's hand, yet on the whole we are content to rejoice in our church without a bishop, and our state without a king, — rather, let us say, a church with thousands of bishops, and a state where all may be kings. As long as believers are not saints, it would be strange indeed if trials should not arise. There was, in 1830, a considerable disaffection in the parish, but there have been no serious troubles of late years, perhaps because our members have been intent upon the work of God.

When we look upon this yellow record book, kept by Peter

Thacher, and dating from 1708, at the other precious old keepsakes in quaint penmanship and antiquated printing, still treasured in our archives, we feel somewhat like those visitors who see in the British Museum the famous but shrunken parchment, now well-nigh seven centuries old, that tells of English liberty. We review the history of these godly men and women, our predecessors in this church, who in one sense have all faded as a leaf, yet are still living with us in fragrant memory; we recal that we are in the same succession, and our hearts cry, in the verses of Heber,—

> "O God, to us may grace be given
> To follow in their train."

Would that we might speak of what our church did to promote the sound doctrine of freedom, in the times when "abolitionist" was not what the term later became, a title of honor; of the affectionate reluctance with which Dr. Putnam and his flock gave so much of their life to the new-born Central Church; of the longings and prayers which followed the soldiers whom we furnished to the Union in its peril from rebellion; of certain notable triumphs of God's grace, for example, of Jephtha Leach, a dissipated man, but gifted, having what Augustin would call *splendida vitia*. When more than fourscore years old he was saved, and joined our brotherhood. From the tavern that then stood hard by, friends used to lead him hither, and during worship the blind old man used habitually to stand on these pulpit stairs, lest, with his imperfect hearing, he might lose some precious word of the gospel that his soul needed. Though blind, deaf, and in poverty because of his sins, he needs no pity now, for he was rich toward God; he kept the faith for a year, and, twenty-seven years ago yesterday, was made free indeed from all infirmity. "Regarding the reality of revivals, some communities may be skeptical, but our community is not one of them." May God keep believers of late times so faithful that it shall never become so.

As long ago as 1842, fermented wine was banished from our communion table. But time forbids further details of these two centuries, that have seen our membership grow to fourteen hundred, lacking six. The First Church has ever been a fountain flowing for others. This is proved, though defects in early records preclude exact figures, by a great preponderance of dismissions over gains by letter. May the Savior keep the stream pure, that its flow may long refresh the region about it.

Such is the rapid story of these two hundred years, — a story prolonged, yet incomplete as a landscape viewed from a flying car. One shining fact appears like a monarch among mountains. It is that emphasized fifty years ago by our illustrious Dr. Putnam, in his two discourses on God's faithfulness. In a period so extended, one cannot ignore His superintending care. Nature sometimes speaks indistinctly of the Creator, while of all studies history reveals Him most plainly. Sometimes an intelligent man has studied rocks without finding what Hugh Miller styled their "testimony." A man may be well informed about the internal structure of the crawfish, and yet quite fail to perceive God therein revealed. But a strange mind must he have who studies human nature without finding the One in whose image men are made. If at rare intervals there be a famous student of history who is an unbeliever, a Gibbon or Niebuhr, the world hears of it as a singular phenomenon.

To make the present history is our concern. Shall the prayers of past generations for us be heard? the prayers offered in 1694? again in the revival that blest New England, and especially our own town, in 1742? in the centennial year, 1794, by Joseph Barker's people? in 1828, when William Eaton's flock consecrated this stately house? in 1845, when the third half-century had closed? in the great revival of 1867? at the jubilee of this sanctuary's dedication, celebrated in 1878, during Mr. Dyer's pastorate? At the dedication they sang the hymn of Watts, which is a prayer for the reign of Christ, beginning:

"Arise, O King of grace, arise!"

On us depends the fulfilment of the hopes of all those former times. Let us lead lives of such healthful activity that the Savior will often visit his "plantation," where abide the people of the First Church and their neighbors,— his "husbandry."

We read of ten thousand Greek soldiers returning homeward from far-away Persia after the death of Cyrus. The way was long and hard, but they pushed on, till one day the front ranks of the marching host saw before them a broad expanse of shining waters. A glad cry was raised, "The sea! the sea!" and when the rear ranks came on, the hearty shouts of thousands shook the hills. Yet the Black Sea was not their journey's end. Ah, no! but it marked for them a mighty progress toward their home. Our exultation to-day is somewhat similar. Our pilgrimage is by no means ended, but we are glad to hail the third century before us. On its border we would pause, and like the prophet Samuel near Mizpah, raise a "stone of help." Through a notable part of our journey hath the Lord helped us. Yonder is home!

Now let us earnestly seek the spiritual welfare of others. Let us be content with nothing less than the utmost efficiency of our working powers. Let us live as if the motto were visibly blazoned above the capitals of yonder pillars: "Middleboro for Christ!" Yea, be our watchword: "The world for Christ."

In these days, if ever, men need a forceful gospel. Social studies have properly come to the front. O, forget not, in God's name, that amid the literally hungry are brothers with a soul-hunger still harder to bear! Let us be sure that they miss not the bread that came down from heaven, while we strive to supply their material want. Multitudes in our own midst who are quite free from temporal distresses need to be lovingly taught what Christ said is God's work. They need you and me to urge, in behalf of Him of the pierced hands: "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." The Comforter, said Jesus, will convict men "of sin, because they believe not on me."

God knows, the old First Church keenly feels her deficiencies, but sometimes our vision is so enthralled by our Lord that we forget all else. We mean to rejoice temperately, and not because some demon of unbelief or indifference is subject to us, so much as because our names, we trust, are written in heaven. Can we not almost hear a voice saying: "Rejoice not that ye have a majestic temple of dignity and grace; not in its verdant environs that may grow yet more fair as the rolling years pass; not in your two centuries of history, most of it inspiring, and some of it sublime; rather rejoice in whatever fidelity ye now show as ye hold up the sinless Jesus to the people of this town and vicinity, and to the strangers who come within your gates"? O, hearken to him, ye who still delay taking as your Master him who died for us all on the cross,— even ye whose lives are fair with lovely traits, like sweet musical sounds struck at random on some tuneful instrument, that ought quickly to be ordered on the heavenly theme. Let each one of us feel the claim — and a Christian's duty is no more than everybody's duty — to preach and practice steadily the dear gospel to which for threescore years these walls have echoed, and this neighborhood for ten thousand Sabbaths past.

The torch-racers of Greek antiquity had not only to win the goal, but to reach it with their light still burning, though sometimes the torch was passed from one tired bearer to another. Their task typifies the work of God which it is our lot to perform. We are to run in our turn with the full brightness of the true light. In the strength of our fathers' God, we shall not fail.

At the conclusion of the sermon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed, Rev. N. T. Dyer assisting the pastor, and Messrs. A. H. Soule, A. J. Wood, R. F. Thompson, and W. O. Eddy officiating as deacons.

The congregation was dismissed with the benediction by the pastor, and the organ postlude, "He, watching over Israel," from Mendelssohn's oratorio of "Elijah."

SUNDAY EVENING

An unusually large audience assembled for evening worship, and the following order was observed: —

ORGAN PRELUDE, "Offertoire in B flat" . . . *Ambrose Thomas*
ANTHEM, "Great God of Nations," by the Choir . . . . *A. Beirly*
SCRIPTURE SELECTION, Psalm 145, and PRAYER, by Rev. R. G. Woodbridge
QUINTET, "Traveling Home to God," by Messrs. H. F. Wood, R. F. Thompson, W. P. Fessenden, L. I. Thompson, and G. A. Cox . . . . . *Arranged from T. C. O'Kane*
HYMN, "I love Thy Kingdom, Lord"; Tune, "State Street," by Choir and Congregation . . . . . *Dwight*

The twelfth pastor, Rev. Nathan T. Dyer, was then introduced, and his address was as follows: —

ADDRESS OF REV. N. T. DYER

Dear Brother Stearns, My Dear People, — now his people, but ever the people of my first love :

The first remark I have to make is one very trite and often to be heard during these days of grand and glorious jubilee, — I am most happy to be here on this delightful occasion, which shall remain ever memorable and grow increasingly precious with the advancing years.

Some time ago, I remember to have met with a company of invited guests in a happy home to witness the unfolding of a rare flower into beauteous blossom. For months and years had that plant been watered, nourished, and cared for, with tenderest solicitude, and now neighbors and friends were gathered with that deeply interested family to witness the first flowering, after so many long years of anxious waiting. Many and most emphatic were the expressions of delight and appreciation which came from those witnessing one development after another in that astonishing process of nature. And after those hours of delightful watching, we returned to our several homes, feeling greatly benefited and even the wiser for having beheld that wonderful sight.

With how much greater delight and enthusiasm, with how much larger prospect of profit and blessing, are the several daughters and granddaughters of this ancient and honored household of faith, with deeply interested neighbors and friends, now gathered to witness the bright flowering of this rare *century plant*, in historic interest towering majestically above the younger plants in the garden of the Lord; yea, *second* bursting into glory of this justly proud old church, during these two hundred years slowly but steadily gathering strength and beauty for its bloom to-day.

And so I confidently speak for others as well as for myself, when I say we are all more than glad and happy to be here and

have some part in this great and glorious celebration of two centuries of honored and fruitful service completed, and with these who yet bear the burden and heat of the day, rejoice in the abounding evidence that our faithful God has guarded the foundations here laid through many successive generations by his faithful servants, and raised up in these last times also such true and faithful workers as "give assured promise of abiding prosperity to the glory of the Most High," and make it possible in the coming years, so long as time shall last, to mark these century mile-stones, yet to be, with no more to mar and no less to cheer than that which now fills our hearts full to overflowing with glad exultation.

Were I to voice, in the words of prophecy, the future as well as the past of this ancient church of the Living God, it should be in the words of Isaiah (lx, 15), "I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations."

Whatever else may be said of the glory and excellence of other institutions, grandest creations of the noblest human genius, of none can it be truly said, as of the Church it may be and here is affirmed, that to her belongs the element of stability and permanency expressed in the promise of God to the Jewish church, and meant for the encouragement of his people in all ages, — "I will make thee an eternal excellency."

The truth of this assurance all history and experience have demonstrated. In all ages has the Church of God been pre-eminently the object of his delight and constant care. Under whatever assaults of its most bitter and determined foes in every form, through all its trying experiences of whatever kind, has the confirmation of this prophecy been verified to the world, that the Church of the Living God was ever dear to him as the apple of his eye, and should be made by him "an eternal excellency," and its influence, an ever-living power, be extended "from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

And because of the gracious fulfilment of this divine promise in the history of the church at large throughout the ages, we

are here to-day assembled in joyous observance of the two hundredth anniversary of this particular church. For those blessed words of prophecy and of promise have as truly a specific application to this visible local church as to the Church universal, —"I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations." Yes, it is God who hath made this particular church an eternal excellency by his manifold mercies and abundant grace. Wherefore, in passing this mile-stone to-day, we shall do well to inscribe thereupon the fitting tribute, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and should make this "hitherto" of divine help the hopeful assurance of a glorious *henceforth* for this church.

May this much now suffice concerning generalities. The occasion moves me to speak more along the line of personal reminiscence.

You are aware that the speaker sustains a peculiar relation to this people, distinguishing his seven years of most happy service among you in some respects from that of all your other pastors, at least for the last century and a half.

This was our first-love parish and our first married home. Here I was ordained to the ministry, being the youngest but one of all your pastors down to this present day. So striking was the contrast that, as I well remember, one now present then told me that in all her remembrance so aged had been the pastors she had come to think ministers never died; and another, Col. Thomas Weston, man of fragrant memory, now looking down upon us from the world of glorified spirits, remarked that he was glad at last to have a pastor, sound in body at least, being neither blind nor deaf nor lame.

To the older people in the parish I seemed but a mere stripling, only a boy, as indeed I was. After doing my best as a timid and somewhat bashful young candidate, good old Deacon Thomas, who later secured a large place in my heart's deepest affections, now gone to his blessed reward, being asked what he thought of me, significantly replied: "I think he did very well for a boy." And as marking this difference of age

and experience in the work, you may recal the fact that soon after my coming the last of all my living predecessors passed on to receive his crown at the hand of the Lord.

This, being our first-love parish and our first married home, became also the birthplace of our children and the scene of their baptism.

Cora Ethel, who is with us, you will remember as the first parish baby, and, — other than our own dear Perley, who in the mysterious providence of God was early called to the tender Shepherd's arms, and whose headstone in yonder yard marks his resting place on earth, — the only child born to your pastors who have occupied the present parsonage, which is now approaching three quarters of a century in age.

In view of these facts, you can easily believe me when I tell you that this place and people are very near and dear to us, — nearer and dearer, I may as well confess, than any other has since been or can ever be.

But how came I to be your youthful pastor? The committee may remember with what indifference I replied to their request to set a day when I would appear before you as a candidate. They may recal that it required not a little patience and perseverance on their part to secure my consent. But, after one failure through physical indisposition, I came at last in fulfilment of a second appointment. Imagine my surprise, not long after arrival in town, upon meeting another who had also come as a candidate for this same pulpit. At once the question was raised between us as to who should hold the fort. However magnanimous it may have seemed, with no inner feeling of personal sacrifice, I volunteered to make way for him. But your committee objected to any such arrangement, and finally settled the difficulty by ticketing him back to Boston. I was most delightfully entertained at brother Franklin S. Thompson's, and the resulting agreeable first impressions helped greatly in determining my ultimate decision.

I have in my possession a copy of Dr. Putnam's first impressions of this place and people, written to his wife in Ports-

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mouth, and dated, "Middleborough, Aug. 22, 1835,"— fifty-nine years ago yesterday and to-day, for the letter was written on Saturday and continued on Sunday. Speaking of "this silent retreat," he said, "I wonder the Society should have built their church here." Of the people, he wrote, "It is a plain, solid, good-looking congregation." My own impressions, then penned to one who was soon to become your pastor's wife, I now recal. Some things struck me on the ludicrous side. In those massive doors were the little brass knobs, no larger than a medium-sized English walnut. As with some difficulty I reached aloft to open the door, unbidden came the thought how even the not very young lambs of the flock were hopelessly shut out in the cold unless another's hand should open to them. Yet another reflection, penned at that time, was the observation that the only appointment missing from the pulpit was a spy-glass to bring the choir down within counting distance. Wonder was also expressed at the diminutive size of the stoves in the vestibule, then the only means of heating this spacious auditorium; and this moment I recal, vivid as though it were but yesterday, with what a smile of triumphant satisfaction the faithful sexton for quarter of a century or more, brother Lorin Bryant, not long thereafter called to service in the upper sanctuary, met my expressed doubts about the efficiency of his heating apparatus with the proud assurance that he had "several times started the frost on the northwest windows at the right of the pulpit."

It occurred to me that here was room for improvement, and a good opportunity for some one to do the people a lasting benefit by providing for their greater comfort. Many here present know how this was accomplished before the next winter by the substitution of steam heat, at the suggestion of your newly chosen pastor, and through the persistent energy and unflagging zeal of brother James Sparrow,[1] whose thought

[1] The neighboring Sparrow mansion was the parsonage in Joseph Barker's day. Men used to go there during the noon intermission of worship to replenish the foot-stoves with coals from its generous hearth.

and service were for many years given to the interests of this church he so much loved.

At our first meeting you were judged to be a very cordial and social people, which early opinion I have never found it necessary to change.

After a second visit, with its interview concerning the probable acceptance of a proposed call, your committee received the indifferent reply, "I will not say No." Forthwith the call was extended.

Not over-anxious to come, I did not hesitate to make the conditions of its acceptance strong enough to insure, as I thought, my release from all moral obligations to comply with your expressed wishes. Dr. Putnam, in the letter already cited, wrote, "Esquire Eddy says they want a minister who, having sermons already written, can go through the parish and stir up the people."

I had no "stock" of sermons on hand, and also recognized the large demands upon your pastor's time for much-needed parish work. Therefore, the first and most important condition of my coming was that one of the preaching services should be discontinued. Much to my surprise, this and all else was granted by this staid old conservative church, and I was thus in honor forced to become your reluctant pastor. Nor have I once, for a single moment, regretted the direction affairs took, which, by the overruling providence of God, as I fully believe, compelled me to this decision much against my inclination. During my seven years' stay, I found you, —

First, a willing people, cheerfully and heartily executing such plans as the pastor might suggest for the good of the church.

Secondly, kind and generous, bestowing upon us so many tokens of esteem as to supply every room in the Medfield parsonage with pleasant reminders of our Middleboro people.

Thirdly, sympathetic, rendering tender and loving ministries in painful sickness and deep affliction.

Fourthly, most patient, uncomplainingly making the best of

a "boy's" mistakes, and enduring his preaching all those years.

Ever green in my memory are the many hallowed associations of those years with this dear people. Most delightful have been the cordial greetings of this day. But I sadly miss from their accustomed places many of the beloved elders, so great are the changes ten years have wrought. Gladly do we see their children entering into their labors, and nobly carrying on the work they resigned at the call of God to higher service in the life beyond.

With deep interest have I marked the growth of little ones we so much loved, whom then we affectionately held upon the knee. Some of these we baptized. Others of them also we prayerfully tried to lead to Christ. Of the more than fifty whom at this altar we received into communion and fellowship, there are those now filling positions of responsibility in the work of this church. And as we are reminded to-day of the two hundred golden links which number your increasing years, I am glad to think that I had something to do with fashioning seven of them. Yea, I esteem it a rare privilege to have been for any length of time the honored pastor of a church with such a grand and noble history as has this; and it is a great joy and comfort to believe, as verily I do, that much of our very best work for Christ and the world is done through the faithful lives and noble example of those whom we have helped to train for Christian service.

No grander monuments are anywhere to be found on earth than these monuments of Christ's redeeming grace, — the churches of his eternal love.

Upon all else is the stamp of universal decay. For centuries have stood the pyramids of old Egypt, "amid the waning glory of the nations which once flourished beneath their shadows." But these mightiest monuments ever reared, which suffer as little as anything can from the friction of the passing years, plainly show that irresistible decay, however slowly, is nevertheless surely doing its work upon them. Moreover, the worlds which make up the great universe of God report to

the inquiring scientist that they are serving only a temporary purpose; that some of them have already burned out and become a mere cinder, and that all the rest, including our own, must in their turn be reduced to the same sterile condition, so perishable is the substance out of which are fashioned even the most enduring monuments of human genius. But, to this unchanging and unchangeable law of decay, the Church of the Living God is the one grand and glorious exception. Immortal are the shining jewels built into her walls. Hers is an "eternal excellency." Wherefore, better, far better, were it to have our names inscribed upon the roll of a church which has completed two hundred years of most eventful and blessed history, than have them graven never so deeply upon loftiest pyramid or any most admired triumph of human genius, which shall crumble and pass away, while it blesses nobody.

From of old has this continued to be a Congregational church. It is one of the noteworthy few in our grand old denomination that did not, during the trying times of the early part of this century, forsake "the faith once delivered to the saints," but firmly resisted that religious error, which then swept like wild-fire over New England. "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" has ever been the grand central thought of the preaching from this pulpit. It has recognized the desperate condition of man as a lost sinner. At the same time, with no less emphasis, has it set forth the infinite compassion and love of Jesus, the Christ, as Lord and Savior. So has it hitherto unfailingly met the needs of the human heart. And since those needs, in their essence, are the same in all ages, yesterday, to-day, and forever, we may be sure that the same gospel of grace for lost and dying men, which past generations, from the first, have heard within the four walls of this dear old First Congregational church of Middleboro, is the only gospel that can meet and satisfy the needs of the present, and of those who shall come after us, down to the latest generation.

Such has been the teaching of this pulpit unto the present hour; such may it ever be. And may this people all go for-

ward to know more and more of Jesus and do better work for Him. So shall the future of this ancient church be no less, if not even more, prosperous and illustrious than her past has been, and her "eternal excellency" prove to be the joy of each successive generation, down to the end of time.

The following letter of regret from the fourteenth pastor was then read:—

BRAINTREE, MASS., Aug. 18, 1894.

REV. G. W. STEARNS,—

Dear Brother: Your note was duly received. I most heartily approve the growing custom of commemorating historic dates. It is especially fitting that the First Congregational Church in Middleboro, after two centuries of growth and usefulness, review and remember all the way in which the Lord has led them. I have delayed replying, not knowing just what my engagements might be. . . . A certain work . . . will cut me off from participation in your celebration. . . . May the day be favorable. . . . Accept for the church and yourself the congratulations of myself and family. Very truly yours,

JOSIAH WEARE KINGSBURY.

The thirteenth pastor, Rev. Howard A. Hanaford, of Winchester, N. H., was then introduced.

ADDRESS OF REV. H. A. HANAFORD

Beloved Friends of the First Church, and citizens of Middleboro :

I am filled with unaffected and inexpressible pride and pleasure in being accorded the privilege of celebrating, with this numerous and deeply interested assemblage, the two hundredth anniversary of your incorporation as a church of Jesus Christ, in accordance with the usages of the Pilgrim faith and polity.

I remember passing well how, some six or seven brief years ago, I was wont to think: should I remain here sufficiently long, I shall, Providence being propitious, enjoy the pleasure of joining in and superintending, very possibly, the bi-centennial anniversary of this venerable and venerated church. It was not so written.

A bird of passage, I came, enjoyed, wrought, and vanished from the scene in the short space of thirty-three months; but those years were filled with never-to-be-forgotten experiences, sunny days, sweet and somber hours; bridals and burials, worship and the preaching of the Word, in this spacious and time-honored temple,— in a word, years of peace and joy, of usefulness and unselfish toil, I trust, in the grandest work given mortal man to do on these shores of time; a work that seraphs may not essay, and that employed an omnipotent Redeemer's hands and heart.

Never while memory holds her seat shall I forget the years spent in this dear Old Colony and in association with this Christian community. My friends were scattered through the hamlets of this widely scattered parish, this parish of magnificent distances, but were not a meager band in yonder beautiful and flourishing village, known in Middleboro parlance as "the Corners." Nor were my dearly cherished parishioners my exclusive friends, since among the various Christian sects of Middleboro's chief village I counted many most valued friends

and helpers. The uniform courtesy and kindness of Rev. Messrs. Grant, MacBurney, Hyde, and Bowen I beg leave to thankfully recognize at this hour, while calling to mind the delightful hours of social intercourse enjoyed with those Christian brethren, their families and people.

The period in my career enclosed between the dates 1885 and 1888 I am in the habit of designating the happiest in my ministerial course. Coming to Middleboro at thirty-four, I had been the pastor or acting pastor of several Christian societies; hence was no novice in Christian activities, having begun my public life at the early age of twenty-one years and six months, assuming then my first acting pastorate.

In an incredibly brief time, friendships were formed hereabout and associations created which have bound this church to my heartstrings, as none other has ever been linked, and to my latest day this side the gates of light shall I remember, with affectionate and ardent devotion, this beloved people, alike in the Church below and the Church triumphant in the skies; for as Wordsworth causes his wee maiden to sing of her little brothers here *and there*, "We are seven," so let us, beloved fellow men and women, say of our achieving and our ascended brothers, they *are* ours, not *were* alone, for not long parted shall we be, and evermore is it grandly true that

> "The Church on earth and that in heaven
> But *one* communion make."

We *are* one!

> "For us the elder brethren stay!"

Ah, yes, thou sainted Wesley!

They are waiting for us, and soon the eternal gates will be lifted high, and we shall enter gladly upon the rest that remaineth, and be forever with the Lord and the fathers and mothers of our Israel.

Secretary Lamar, once at a Northern summer resort, was suddenly surprised by a half-known lady acquaintance, who rallied him on his not wholly concealed bewilderment by say-

ing, "I fear that you hardly remember me, but we met two seasons ago at this very hotel." "Ah, madam," said the courtly diplomatic scion of Southern chivalry, "I have been striving for two years to *forget* you." My friends, that was idle, fulsome, conscienceless flattery; but though for six years I have shared the joys and sorrows of another parish, and though they have done their very best to make me forget my earlier friends and supporters in this dear town, at old Bedford, and my native Nantucket, I can, notwithstanding, say in this presence, what I have said unconstrained by circumstances like the present, that I never, before or since, have felt so deeply attached to a place and people as to this old church of Middleboro.

The years of my ministry here constitute a red-letter period in my life. There were reasons which I may not recount, and circumstances and occurrences which only I and mine can fully appreciate, which made my ministry here at Putnam's a peculiarly romantic episode in my life. But enough.

We are met to call to mind, in vivid fashion by song and speech, that this church of our love and pride and pardonable vaunting (for we New Englanders are a boasting company) is two centuries old. Old, did I say? I should better have said two hundred years young. Yet, antiquity is highly in honor.

I come from a church which is just forty years younger than this ancient organization in whose interest we are met.

At the date of the publication of the Historical Account of the First Church in Middleboro, 1854, your church was just where in age my present church, near the storied Connecticut and amid the granite hills of the State of Stark and Hale and Webster, is in this year of grace, 1894. Now, if we can boast of antiquity up there, as we do, how much more loudly you can speak the praises of a church that dates back to a period when a child born at Plymouth at the time of "the landing," or soon after, would have been but a little over three score years and ten!

Why, the men and women who started this venerable Christian organization may some of them have looked into the faces

of the sagacious Bradford and the redoubtable Captain Miles Standish, and have remembered easily or hazily the fine fort-like church on the hill at Plymouth, with its cannon-mounted roof overlooking the bay, where once the "Mayflower" lay at anchor, and the somber forests where the wily savage lurked, and beasts as fierce as he.

What an old, old church you are! The word "old" is sometimes used invidiously, but it is sometimes employed most respectfully and tenderly, too. And thus we use it now. Others may mention the fact, but I will venture the assertion: there are thirty-one churches older in the Bay State, and *five hundred and forty-seven* younger than your own, — our own, may I not say?

The roll of churches in this portion of our State older than ours is as follows, with date of the organization of each: Old South, or Third church of Boston, 1669; Charlestown, 1632; Dedham, 1638; Edgartown, 1632; Newton Center, 1664; Sandwich, 1638; Scituate, 1639; Marshfield, 1632; West Taunton, 1634; Wrentham, 1692; and Yarmouth, 1639.

These, with West Barnstable, 1616, formed in another land before embarking for these shores, form the elder sisters, in southeastern Massachusetts, of this church.

There are a few churches in Essex and Middlesex counties, and a sprinkling in central and western Massachusetts, which antedate our church by from thirty to forty years, but in a total aggregation of 579 churches, only 31 are older than this church.

Our sister church at Acushnet is two years younger, and the church at Plympton one year younger, than our own.

Of course, the list of the ancient churches of old Massachusetts and of the old Colony could be doubled, at least, if we might technically include the First and Second churches of Boston, the First churches of Salem, Plymouth, Beverly, Hingham, with a score of others, perhaps, which are now known as Unitarian societies, though of course originally evangelical Congregational churches.

I have spoken of the *ancient* character of this church. Age

is not always venerable or worthy. Gray hairs are not always to be venerated, nor the hoary head a crown of glory. Still, "that which is *true*, as God lives, is *permanent*."

That which is worthful, beloved, survives, is permanent and long-lasting. Age that is not premature, and in appearance only, and "age that carries not with it the sting of outraged honor," the legacy of a disgraceful and dishonored past; age that is sweet and gracious, mellow and hopeful, freighted with holy memories and consoling and heavenly hopes; age that has served and wrought zealously, and now rests and waits, though serving still, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The dear old saints, how we love and dote upon them, as they fade from view and lie down to their long sleep! And the dear old churches, we do well to speak them fair; for theirs is a noble record of three, five, eight or more generations, taught, quickened, consoled, uplifted by worship and the Word; of innumerable souls redeemed, justified, sanctified, renewed; of thousands of men and women brought from nature's darkness into the light of God's reconciled face, and the "white beauty of a saved and saintly life."

The beauteous and (may I not say?) sublime record of this church of yours is not unknown or unwritten here on earth, but it is brightly and indelibly inscribed in the Lamb's fair book of life.

Ah, who can compute, weigh, or duly estimate the magnitude and value of the blessing and beatitude which have come to this community by means of the planting of this church and her beautiful bevy of estimable daughters in this delightful countryside?

Truly we may say of our mother church, she has sent forth her boughs unto the sea and her branches unto the river.

Rich beyond words, in blessing, this church has nourished in holy and scriptural living eight generations of men and women, fashioned in the image of the Invisible. And the worth of such an engine or mighty agent of benediction, of moral and spiritual quickening, is simply inexpressible.

This church has had, pre-eminently, four cardinal constituents of a true, model, and ideal church: stability, progress, ideal, and ritual. The *stability* of the church has been due, under the blessing of God, to the faithful ministries of the learned and devoted men who have never failed in declaring the unadulterated gospel of Jesus Christ, having so gently and wisely, eloquently and honorably preached the Word that all harmful schisms and heresies were avoided, and the church was enabled to pursue the tenor of its way unmolested by Socinian schismatics or hypercalvinistic zealots. Sound alike in the days of eighteenth century formalism and nineteenth century heterodoxy of thought, this church has enjoyed a remarkable stability.

Truly conservative, she has welcomed new ideas and methods, while not wholly losing her hold upon the ancient landmarks and time-honored truths and usages of the Pilgrim churches of Britain and New England. With the great author (under the Finisher of Faith) of Congregationalism, John Robinson, this church, like him, has ever believed that God has yet more light to break forth for us from his most holy Word; so has welcomed to its arms the revivalism of a Thacher and Whitefield, and the earnest evangelism of a Sawyer, in modern times, as well as the tender, persuasive, tranquil, earnest, paternal ministry of a Putnam and a Conant. This church has been *progressive*, never retrogressive, and though highly conservative, as rural parishes are likely to be, has always followed in the path of the car of progress. If she has not led she has sedately and with calm eagerness followed the leadings of Providence in all her varied fortunes and vicissitudes.

A grand and gracious *ideal*, based upon the ideas of the Fathers of the New England faith and polity, has been yours; for have you not ever sought to be a true *church* of Jesus, a light in this dark world, a helping hand outstretched, holding forth the word of life?

Then, too (for I must not enlarge), you have had a simple *ritual*, having by no means neglected the form of sound words,

but growing into an increasing appreciation of the value of set forms of worship, and religious song and anthems, in aiding to enforce noble truths and cheer and uplift the hearts of dying, needy men.

To which I should add, as the complement and crown of the whole, that bond of heavenly charity which pervades and harmonizes all, that supreme grace of the Christian dispensation, — love, manifest in works of social reform, in ministrations to the poor and suffering, in health to the sick, and light to them that sit in darkness, and the opening of the prison-house to them that are bound.

According to the creed of the Apostolic Fathers, you have believed in the Holy Catholic Church and have been one in miniature. Every Pilgrim church is. Not that which consists in masses and indulgences, in genuflexions and papal infallibility, but that which consists in faith and progress, devotion, love. In the work of soul-winning and character-building, in the work of fitting and preparing stones which shall be incorporated one day in the shining, majestic temple of God in the heavenly places, those servants of the great Master Builder who wrought and worshiped here these twenty decades, here almost within hearing of the "breaking waves" that lave the beach at Plymouth, rejoiced to spend their uneventful days — days not without their usefulness, not without honor, profit, and beatitude. Peace was theirs; joy inexpressible and full of glory. My bosom burns, my heart thrills, as I ponder the days of yore; as I call to recollection the fathers and their lot, their trials, their tears, their treasured hopes, their loyalty to God, to conscience, and their duty as God gave them to see it.

I think of those children of the Puritan age and movement, of those men of iron, of heroic and saintly stock, soldiers, saints, martyrs, and apostles of righteousness, who planted here the public school and the Christian church. Our fathers believed with all their heart in the book of God, in the voice of God, in the day of God, in the church and the house of God.

Your ancestors followed in their shining footprints. Robinson and Brewster were followed by the Mathers, the Fullers, the Thachers, the Putnams of our later day; a noble army of confessors. You of the generations now before me are, I trust and am happy to believe, worthy successors of most worthy and admirable sires. I congratulate you most heartily on your heritage, and I pray God that you may remain, for a score of decades yet to come (I speak of our institution now), what I found you, a most heterogeneous yet homogeneous and harmonious people, loyal to leader, faithful and efficient in labors; a rare people, adhering unflinchingly to the faith of Christian orthodoxy, and intent upon the glory of Christ, whose you are and whom you serve.

I dream, and lo! there passes before my view a reverend procession of weak and erring yet godly and soul-seeking men. At the head of the little group I note a goodly form, with the attire of the seventeenth century Puritan. It is Samuel Fuller, the first pastor of this church. His eye is glad and bright, and he walks with measured tread, as if to the music of the heavenly choirs, and his hand points upward. He is followed by one whose glance falls often to the earth, and whose step seems to falter, while he walks a little aside from the others, who are trooping by, as if ashamed or afraid of joining in this company, but at last he passes nearer his predecessor, and with head bowed low presses on. He seems to whisper, "*Saved*, yet so as by fire," and I seem to see, as through a haze, a crown upon his brow, but there are no jewels there, and I think I hear him weeping, as he cries, "Not one soul with which to greet Him; I kiss the feet of Redeeming Grace, but O, my wasted life, my lost opportunity!" He passes on and is lost to view, and then follows the godly, industrious Thacher, with crown studded thickly with stars and glittering jewels, and after him the lovely and useful Conant, and the scholarly, able and efficient Barker.

After him, with jeweled crowns, come the saintly Paine and the faithful Eaton. Then comes an alert and erect but lithe

form, with beaming eye and rapid step; it is the gentle, urbane, and admirable Father Putnam. His crown has many stars, and his brow shines with a mellow radiance, as he glides quickly forward in the glittering train. But who is this that sturdily presses after? It is Sawyer, the reaper; and I soon hear sower and reaper rejoicing together over a multitude of gathered sheaves.

This man of God, pastor and evangelist, on whom many souls among us look back as to their deliverer, is followed by two more saintly and faithful winners of souls, and as they sweep onward I hear them shouting to their noble predecessors, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof! Lo, we come, we come!"

And as the little throng press skyward, I hear (nor is it all a dream) a host of angelic voices chanting, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

> "'T is finished; all is finished, —
> Their fight with death and sin;
> Fling open wide the golden gates,
> And let the victors in!"

Be it ours, brethren of the ministry, and yours, my predecessor and successor, to follow in their train. Be it our happy privilege to receive with devoutest gratitude the legacy of faith, love, and unselfish devotion to us by them transmitted, and labor to assert and develop the principles by which they nobly wrought, and from which they received strength to live sublimely, and die in the triumphs of faith.

I have seen a book whose title is, "A Century of Dishonor." We come together to-day to celebrate two centuries of honor; of honorable history; of useful, noble toils; of gracious achievements and soul-uplifting hopes; of hopes, clasping which the workers have been cheered and spurred on to fresh undertakings for Christ and his Church, and the dying have descended into the dark-bright vale of death's latest shadow, leaning on the arm of their beloved Shepherd, whose word to us is not

alone, "Feed my sheep; tend my lambs," but, "Be ye faithful unto death, and when I, the chief Shepherd, shall appear, I will give ye a crown of glory which fadeth not away!" Cherishing most ardently, and rejoicing heartily in your two centuries of traditions, trials, triumphs, go on, my brethren, pastor Stearns and people, and make the living present worthy of the glorious past. The past, certainly, is secure. The present we note, and are glad to honor. The future is in your hands, to mold and fashion it how you will.

When your church was born (comparatively speaking), science and theology were in swaddling-bands, in their infancy. Amazing changes have taken place in two hundred years. Weeks and months and years, generations and epochs have rolled away. Science is a new creature, as vastly different from what it was in the seventeenth century, theoretically and practically, as the Cathedral of St. Paul's is different from the barn-like structures which served our fathers as churches.

In the realm of religious progress what has God wrought! Never before was the Bible the book it is to-day. Never were its treasures so highly prized. Never were its depths and hights so thoroughly explored. Never before was evangelical Christianity so puissant, so invincible.

When this church was organized, only thirty-four years, perhaps, had passed since the great plague in London; John Bunyan had been dead but a few years, while Shakspere was almost as near to the founders of this church in time as Wesley is to us. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is just issued from the press, mayhap. Some thirty-eight years must roll along before the "Father of his Country" will see the light. Johnson and Goldsmith and Edmund Burke, the great poets and statesmen of the eighteenth century, have not yet been born. One hundred and forty years must roll away before steam-cars will be in fashion; and one hundred and seventy-five or more before the wonders of the telegraph, the phonograph, and the electric light and railway will dawn upon a not very greatly astonished world.

Philosophies and literatures have suffered change. Interpretations of Scripture have been modified. Science has ceased to be a pigmy, and is now a sturdy colossus, striding across a narrow world. We no longer say in our *credo* that the Lord made the world in six days of twelve or twenty-four hours each, but we say the universe was "evolved," though in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

But in all and through all God works and rules, and well may we sing with Tennyson,

> "Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be."

Yet our God changes not, and truth changes not. We move nervously from side to side, to and fro, and see truth from different sides, but she remains the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Remembering Jefferson's aphorism, "We are responsible to God, not for the rightness, but for the uprightness of our opinions," let us search, nevertheless, for truth as for hidden pearls, for if we seek for her with all our hearts she will be found of us.

With one fond look backward I will close these somewhat extended observations. My thought carries me back to the gorgeous October days of 1885. I am standing where I stand to-night, and looking down or up into — not a sea of faces, but a scattered throng of humble worshipers. There were a goodly number of persons here that day whom we miss to-night. I cannot speak their names, but there were Eddys and Pratts, there were Thomases and Thompsons, Woods and Bryants, there were Westons, and many others of fragrant memory. As I recal their names, and their faces rise before me, I seem to hear the words of the Cambridge poet: —

> "Then, though oft deprest and lonely,
> All my fears are laid aside,
> If I but remember, only,
> Such as *these* have lived and died."

Surviving friends, who still hold a lofty place on memory's walls, I call you to emulate the virtues of those who, being dead, yet speak. I summon you so to set your house in order that when Life's dream is exchanged for Eternity's reality, and the little tale of earthly years is all told, we may meet the saintly souls who beckon to us from the islands of the blessed, saying, "Come up higher!" Till then, let us follow Christ as did they. Let us never forsake the Pilgrim faith, the Trinity, and the cross of Jesus Christ, but, clinging fast to the glorious doctrines of the reformed churches, let us enter upon our third century as a church with bright hopes and flaming zeal. Let the aged say, "The past was grand and sweet. The future we will leave with God, in the trustful assurance that God's spirit will guide his church in days to come as of yore." Let the young face futurity with strong hopes and brave resolve. Let all renew, or record, their vows to live "out and out" for God. So shall you honor the memory of your illustrious predecessors, perpetuate the venerable institution bequeathed to you by them, and set forward the common Kingdom of our Savior Christ.

A word last of all to the religiously irresolute or the unsaved in this great audience. I want to say to each one of you, "as a dying man to dying men," the Master has need of you. This church has need of you. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once to the fountain of cleansing, the waters of Siloa that go softly. What Napoleon said to his soldiers at the pyramids, that, slightly changed, I may say to you: Eight generations look down upon you. See that through you the Kingdom of God receive no detriment. Seek your souls' salvation. Seek then to be polished stones in the temple of life, granite, not soapstone or shale. Take sides with the Spirit against the flesh. Receive the death of Christ for the remission and putting away of your sins, and the pure, lovely, loving life of Christ to help you overcome the power of sin. Then shall you be laureled conquerors, and more than conquerors, when from the bleeding and kingly hands of the

Captain of salvation you receive a crown of righteousness, and enter the gates of light, where the saints await our coming.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hanaford's address the choir sang an old fugue-tune, "The New Jerusalem" (*Ingalls*); the congregation united in the hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I glory" (*Bowring*), to the tune "Rathbun"; the benediction was pronounced by Rev. N. T. Dyer, and the congregation was dismissed with an organ postlude, "Sanctus," from Farmer's Mass in B flat.

MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1894

On Monday, at two o'clock, a goodly throng met in the meeting-house. The organist, Miss Wood, rendered Scotson Clark's "Grand Offertoire in G."

The pastor, having been asked to preside, introduced Rev. B. F. Hamilton, D. D., of Roxbury, who is connected by marriage with the First Church. Dr. Hamilton read from Psalm 90, and offered prayer.

Mrs. G. W. Stearns then read the following ode, composed for the occasion by the pastor: —

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS

Out of the storied past,
  Like pictures down from their frames,
Methinks I see the mothers come
  Who bore the Pilgrim names.

Mothers and maidens too,
  Tho' little they asked of fame,
Were equally brave with our honored sires;
  Be then their praise the same.

Think ye they loved not home
  Because they sailed over the sea?
Think ye they yearned to roam,
  Crusaders gay to be?

Speak, from the "Mayflower's" deck,
  O damsel with brimming eyes —
Fared ye o'er the unfriendly deep
  To find where fortune lies?

What means that stifled sigh,
  O matron in Plymouth's home?
Have ye not lotus found at last,
  O'er leagues of ocean foam?

Think'st thou amid her toils
  Dreams not thy daughter more
Than she e'er confest of some English nest
  With hawthorn at its door?

O, how they missed the kin
They had left beyond the main,
The while they struggled with hardships sore,
Famine and toil and pain!

Many a dear one drooped,
To rest in an unmarked grave.
But the living had need of comfort and care,
And women must be brave.

Many a cottage wall
In an Old Colony town
Could tell a tale of gentle hearts
That ached, but kept grief down.

Sweet words of love and faith,
To husband, brother, child,
Cheered these to act a valiant part,
Their fears and doubts beguiled.

Let laurel grace man's brow;
Grant him his meed of praise;
The deeds of our Pilgrim sires may well
Inspire the poet's lays.

Robinson, Fuller, White,
And others are honored names;
But the angels have sung what earth has not—
The praise of the Pilgrim dames.

Peal, then, thou sweet-voiced bell!
Answer, ye whispering pines!
Proclaim that bright as the father's the fame
Of the Pilgrim mother shines.

The choir next sang a hymn, "Two Hundred Years Ago," adapted from Joseph Flint, with music by Bartholomew Brown. This hymn was first sung at a celebration in Plymouth, in 1820.

Thomas Weston

The President of the Day. — It is well known to all of you who are thronged in this meeting-house to share to-day in celebrating our two hundredth birthday, that our long membership list includes not a few persons who have won for themselves and for us an enviable renown. Some of these persons have ere this been numbered with the saints in glory everlasting. Many of their descendants are with us to-day. There is one whose father was for more than threescore years an active member of our church, and his ancestors for four generations previous to his own were influential members and constant attendants on its worship, serving the Master. He united with us at the age of eighteen years, and, though elsewhere resident, worthily sustains the name of his illustrious ancestors. I have the honor to present one already known by most of you, the orator of the day, Mr. Thomas Weston, of Boston.

ORATION

BY THOMAS WESTON

"Thou shalt remember the way the Lord thy God has led thee these forty years." So begins the earliest record of the organization of this church, whose two hundredth anniversary we commemorate to-day. One hundred years ago, the eminent pastor of this church, the Rev. Joseph Barker, embodied the prominent events in its formation in a century sermon preached from the church edifice then standing upon yonder foundation. Fifty years later in this pulpit, Rev. Dr. Putnam, of blessed memory, gathered the most interesting events connected with its history, together with some account of the lives and characters of its successive pastors and prominent members, in two exhaustive sermons, which were published in the volume containing your church history.[1] The revival of historical

[1] Book of the First Church of Christ in Middleboro, 1852. This volume was written by Zechariah Eddy, one of the ablest lawyers in southeastern Massachusetts. He was recognized as authority on all matters relating to the Pilgrims and the history and polity of the Congregational churches.

studies in our own time has added but little else to our knowledge of the early history of this ancient and honored church.

We have come together, brethren and friends, not so much for the purpose of bringing additional facts to our knowledge in its interesting history, but, in the words of its founders, to remember the way that the Lord our God led them and has led us, their successors in the work of their hands, during these two hundred years. Here in this meeting-house, and the others that preceded it, the members of this church have come for more than seven generations to worship. Here they made "the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad for them, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose"; here for generations they came for that spiritual culture and growth that made them the strong men and women they were; here they found consolation in the privations, the sufferings, and the sorrows they underwent; here they obtained that fortitude and courage by which they so successfully met the responsibilities of those early days and years of hardship and trial; here were developed those lives of Christian faith and holy living the memory of which has for so many generations been such a benediction upon the lives of their children; here were molded and developed those characters which made our fathers men of enterprise, of perseverance, of integrity, — the ideal representatives of our heroic age; and here, too, they came and went out, one after another, each successively in his turn coming to his grave "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." It is for us to-day, as we review the scenes and the traditions connected with these men, not only to catch, if we may, some inspiration from their lives and their characters, a stronger love and trust in the God that they so loved and trusted, that our lives may be nobler and sweeter to meet the great responsibilities of our day and generation, but also to see how the story of this church and the lives of its members have flowed into the great stream of the history of the nation.

As its life passes before us in review, we may possibly regret that its earliest records are lost and its later ones are so meager, and yet the records of such a church, of such ministers, of such members, are never lost; they are engraven upon successive generations of men and women, whose influence is felt, not only in the life of such a church as this, but in the life of the nation as they have both grown from infancy to maturity, and must continue to the end of time, only to be fully known when the great books are opened on high.

The times were auspicious for its organization. Although remote from the centers of the old and new world, its founders were, for the most part, men keenly alive to the great problems of church and state that were then being adjusted.

William and Mary were on the throne of England; the gentle and beloved queen passed away two days after our church was organized. The Commoners of England had secured for the people the guarantees contained in that immortal state paper, the Bill of Rights. Freedom of the press was about to be established. An enactment by Parliament granting a larger measure of protection and freedom than was ever before granted to Protestants had been passed; the great Marlborough, who never lost a battle for England, and who had been honored as no other subject had been honored, was in disgrace for the most perfidious treason; the genius of Addison was just beginning to be recognized; the marvelous creations of Sir Christopher Wren had already begun to beautify the great city of London; Sir Isaac Newton had pointed out great laws which control the universe; in France the Edict of Nantes had been revoked with terrible results, and the blood of thousands of Protestants was flowing in the streets of the cities of France, and the world was still learning that there were men whose faith in their God was more precious to them than life itself.

In the colonies, our own Plymouth Colony had just united her fortunes with those of the Bay. The anxieties concerning the new charter had now been settled. The Colony of the Bay was just recovering from that terrible delusion of witchcraft

which had so disgraced the annals of her history, but which, happily, never extended to our own Plymouth Colony.

The last survivor of the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower," John Alden, had passed away eight years before; the horrors of the Indian War had ceased; our ancestors had returned from Plymouth, whither they had fled for protection and safety during the war, and had now rebuilt their houses and barns and redeemed their long-neglected farms. Their numbers, also, were beginning to be augmented by the recent arrivals in the colony from the mother country.

Our town was so named because within its territory centered most of the Indian paths that traversed the southeastern section of New England, and from its being midway from Plymouth and the important settlement of Taunton. It was settled later than most of the towns in the colony, on account of the much larger number of Indians that continued to live within its border after they had retired from most of the other sections of southeastern Massachusetts, and who remained here until after King Philip's War.

There is a tradition, probably true, that the two men who first built houses here bore the historic names of Wood and Leonard. The former was situated between the house of Mrs. Lorenzo Wood and the river, the latter on the high ground on the other side of the street in front of the house of Mr. Perry Wilbur. From their homes could be seen the wigwams of the Indian settlement on the hill on the other side of the Namasket, and beyond their ancient burial ground. In what year they came or how long they remained is a matter of doubt.

Our town was incorporated in the year 1669. At the breaking out of King Philip's War there were here sixteen families, who, upon its commencement, removed to Plymouth.

The eleven men who organized our church were most of them elderly men and children of the Pilgrims of Plymouth, who came from that town and settled within our borders probably a little before or a little after the year 1660. Eight of them were among the twenty-six men who made the purchase of

much of the territory of our town from the Indians in 1664. Nine, with their wives, removed their relations from the parent church in Plymouth, and the remainder united by profession of their faith upon the organization of the church. I am inclined to think that most of them were here before the town was incorporated and probably some time before the "twenty-six men's purchase." Although this church was not organized until Dec. 26, 1694, I have no doubt that religious services had been held within the limits of the town by its first settlers for at least forty years before its organization. The opening sentence of their earliest records that have come down to us is significant. The men of that generation were not only familiar with the Scriptures, but they always used its quotations with truth and accuracy, and it is hardly probable that they would have used the words, "Thou shalt remember the way the Lord thy God has led thee these forty years," upon such a solemn occasion had they not been strictly true. Mr. Baylies, in his admirable history of Plymouth Colony, gives as a reason of their delay in organizing their church that they were too poor to warrant a stated ministry until this time.

The church was organized Dec. 26, 1694, by these men and women in accordance with the simple forms of the church of the Pilgrims — first gathered in Elder Brewster's manor house in Scrooby, and afterwards removed to Leyden, and from there to Plymouth — and which have continued in our denomination to the present time. Letters missive were sent to the neighboring churches of Plymouth, Sandwich, and Barnstable, which were represented by their respective pastors and delegates. They met, in all probability, in the old church edifice that stood somewhere between the residence which was formerly known as "Dr. Sturtevant's" and the Green. After the same simple services which are now observed in the organization of a church, the Rev. Samuel Fuller was ordained their pastor and religious teacher. They then adopted the Articles of Faith, substantially the same as they now exist in your church, and entered into solemn covenant with their God and with each other for the

faithful performance of the sacred vows that they then unitedly took upon themselves. After that their infant children were baptized, and John Bennet was chosen deacon and ordained and inducted into his office.

The church they thus organized was built upon what they sincerely believed to be the testimony of the Prophets and the Apostles, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone. Their articles of faith and covenant were for the purpose of setting forth a common belief in which all members could unite and heartily agree, and for every member to consent to the rules and discipline therein set forth. They contained the essential doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, which they believed to be the only rule of faith and practice. They believed in self-government and open communion of the church, in its free toleration, with power to select their own pastors and officers, to receive, dismiss, and excommunicate members by vote of the whole church and by advice of the neighboring churches in council whenever desired by either party. They held with rigid tenacity to that system of theological thought called Calvinism, — drawn, as they believed, from the inspired Word, — which was the corner-stone of the Puritan faith. That system of thought has always inspired its followers with a sense of their own independence and dignity as beings called of God into his own kingdom and glory and redeemed by the incarnation and sacrifice of the Son of God. It asserted the rights of humanity and the equality of man before God and the law as no other system had. They, in common with the Congregational body of that day and this, believed strongly and tenaciously in a faith that put God first, the Commonwealth next, the citizen next; and its followers have always endeavored to speak and act as they have professed.

David Hume said that England owed all the liberty she had to the Puritans. George Bancroft says that the monarchs of Europe, with one consent and with incisive judgment, feared these doctrines as republican. That system of theological thought was Calvinism, of which John Fisk says that its "dis-

semination over the world was one of the greatest steps that mankind had ever taken towards personal freedom." It was largely this mighty force in the thought of later times that achieved our independence.

The churches of our denomination have always been tenacious of this faith, which, as they believe, was once delivered to the saints. Its members from the beginning have always been well versed in the teachings of the Scriptures. Its great doctrines were intelligently comprehended by a large majority of our churches and adhered to with tenacity in the great theological controversies of the generations which followed between the churches of the Pilgrim faith and that of the Arminians, now known as Unitarians. We of to-day have but little idea of the bitter feeling that that controversy engendered in New England, and how it took hold of the churches, dividing some and changing the faith of others. One quarter of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts went over to the Unitarian belief, — nearly one hundred in all. Of the churches in Boston, all but one thus changed its faith; so did the church of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, where William Brewster was its ruling elder, where Carver and Winslow, Bradford and Fuller and their children and grandchildren long worshiped; so did the church at Bridgewater, Wareham, and Kingston, in Hingham, and in most of the other towns in the Old Colony.

In all of that bitter controversy this church stood firm from the beginning and remained then, as now, true to its ancient faith. It is, however, a fact in history that cannot be ignored that the churches of the Puritan faith largely furnished the men who were foremost in promulgating the broad ideas of liberty and resistance to the oppression of Old England, and who led and guided the War of Independence, and afterwards framed the government and laid the foundation of the institutions of our country. And while ignorant men may sneer at the Puritans, their customs, and their belief, the world appreciates to-day the value of the lives, the services, and the principles which actuated those noble men more than ever before. Our

senior senator[1] in the United States Senate on a public occasion not long since, in referring to the forces that achieved our independence, said, with truth, that he did not believe that the American Revolution could ever have been successfully accomplished and the government of the United States securely established without the preliminary educating power which had been given to the men of those times through the hard-headed orthodoxy which prevailed in New England. This was the faith of our fathers, and has continued the same during all of these successive generations. The day belongs to us, and it is not too much to say on an occasion like this that it is from our church and churches of our faith and order that largely have sprung the forces and influences that have molded the government and institutions of the land, and there are few churches in New England that contributed more of this mighty force in the infant days of the colony and nation than this ancient church.

And yet this simple organization, this belief, these incidents, was not the church they founded. It was their conception of a plan for the commingling of spiritual aspirations for the service they desired to render to God and humanity; the place where they could find inward peace and growth for their immortal natures, here in this consecrated place, that was then and there made, and has so continued to be, the First Church in Middleboro.

I should certainly fail in the discharge of the trust you have so kindly imposed upon me should I neglect to give in detail something of the lives and characters of the founders of this our ancient church. Although there is but little extant concerning them except tradition, I have gathered briefly of this what I have been able to find.

There is nothing grander in any place or in any age than its strong, consecrated, devout Christian men. Men never stood out in a stronger light, having all of these attributes and more, than the noble souls whose lives we recal to-day. It is true

[1] George F. Hoar.

that most in their lives is gone from us, but the occasion brings us where we may see something of the details of those lives as they were here lived, and what they did and what they accomplished for future generations, and how they went out to their reward on high.

The roll of the founders of this church we honor to-day is as follows: —

Samuel Fuller and his wife.	Samuel Cutbart.
John Bennet and his wife.	Jacob Tomson and his wife.
Jonathan Morse and his wife.	John Cob, Jr.
Abiel Wood and his wife.	Hester Tinkham.
Samuel Wood.	Deborah Barden.
Isaac Billington.	Weibrah Bumpas.
Samuel Eaton.	Ebenezer Tinkham and his wife.

The most prominent of these men was their first pastor, the Rev. Samuel Fuller. He was the son of Samuel Fuller, of the "Mayflower," celebrated for his piety and skill as a physician. So desirous was he that his son should be better fitted for a useful life that he made provision for his education in his last will and testament. He was born in 1623, and received a good education. He was one of the twenty-six purchasers of the large tract of land covering much of the territory of the town, and came to dwell in our borders, I am inclined to think, before 1662. He served as deacon in the church at Plymouth for sixteen years in the early part of his life, and was the religious teacher of the inhabitants of the town from the time of his settling here until his death. The town voted to provide a house and twelve acres of land for him as early as 1680, which was located a little east of what was formerly the residence of Dr. Sturtevant. The same year the town voted him a yearly salary of twenty pounds, one quarter to be paid in silver and the remainder in corn and wheat, and also to fence his field; and every person who failed to do his portion was to pay a bushel of corn. At the same time a house was built for him (which was burned with all other houses in town at the commencement of the Indian War), the site of which is not

precisely known. During the war he removed to Plymouth with the other settlers, and there remained until its close, when he returned in 1680.

I think it was during this year that the town built our first meeting house, near the house of the late Dr. Sturtevant.

In 1680 he was chosen one of the selectmen of the town. Tradition is uniform that he was not only an enterprising, intelligent, industrious man, but an earnest, devout Christian teacher, who spent most of his life in preaching the gospel, although not an ordained minister until the year before his death. He was ordained at the time of the organization of the church, and died a few months after. A stone on the burial hill marks his resting-place and contains a suitable inscription.[1]

The Rev. Dr. Backus, writing in 1741, said that before King Philip's War in 1675 there were three churches of praying Indians in the territory included in the limits of our town — one at Namasket, another at Assawampset, and a third at Titicut — and that in these three churches there were one hundred and thirty members. The churches at Namasket and Assawampset numbered seventy members. Such remarkable results at that time must have been largely due to the long, devout, and faithful Christian service on the part of this godly man, aided as he was by Rev. Mr. Treat, of Eastham (whose labors for the conversion of the Indians were not surpassed by the great apostle Eliot himself), and the Christian associates of Mr. Fuller, who must have been very early in the town. It would certainly appear to be the fact that not only Mr. Fuller but the organizers of this church had been here for at least forty years to have seen such fruits of their faith and their works.

Gov. Bradford, after the Pilgrims' first encounter with the hostile Indians at Plymouth, wrote home to his beloved pastor, the Rev. John Robinson, of the signal victory that they had obtained. In his answer to that letter, after tender and encouraging words, he adds this sentence: "O, that you had converted some before you had killed any!" That rebuke

[1] See page 96.

could never have been administered to your ancestors, the founders of this church, for the record shows that before the gun of John Tomson (borrowed by Lieut. Isaac Howland) had been fired from the garrison house of the town at the Indian on the high rock just above the Star Mills, while menacing the settlers who had there retired for safety, wounding him so that he soon after died in the house of William Nelson, which stood not far from the house of the late Jacob Bennet, they had converted more than one hundred and thirty before they had killed one.

Next to their minister, probably JACOB TOMSON was the most influential and prominent of that little band. He united with the church upon profession of his faith at its organization. He was the son of John Tomson, a member of the church of Plymouth, and, with his children, was in the habit of attending church there every Sabbath. There is a tradition that he when a boy, and in his early manhood, was in the habit of walking from his father's house to Plymouth and back every Sabbath to attend services, a distance of over sixteen miles. He was an industrious, enterprising man, honored and respected throughout the colony. He was one of the twenty-six men who made the first purchase from the Indians of the territory in this town. He made the survey of the land so purchased, and divided it into lots among his associates. His father was certainly here before 1654, and there is every reason to believe that his son was with him during those early years.

He was a large owner of real estate in this and the adjoining towns. He was one of the few of His Majesty's justices of the peace in the colony for many years; was elected selectman of the town in 1697, and held that office for twenty-five years. He was a representative to the General Court for the years 1708–18. He was a devout, earnest Christian man, of much influence in this church and prominent in the affairs of the town and colony.

Our first deacon was JOHN BENNET, born about the year

1642. He came from Beverly to our town, and died March 21, 1718, aged seventy-six years. He was selectman for five years, and town clerk for thirteen years. He was a man of considerable learning, well versed in Scripture, and of sturdy character. He was of much assistance to the pastor of the church, and rendered great service in many ways to the church during its early years. He was a man of good judgment, discreet, and always zealous for the growth and prosperity of the church that he so long and faithfully served.

Samuel Wood came from the church at Plymouth. He was a selectman in 1684, and was re-elected upon eight different occasions. He was also a man of prominence, and greatly respected. His descendants are very numerous in this and surrounding towns. Very many of them have been distinguished in the professions, as well as in other of the varied occupations of life. He died in 1718, in the seventieth year of his age.

Abiel Wood was probably a brother of Samuel. He was a quiet, industrious man, of strong religious convictions. His descendants were not numerous. He died in 1719, aged sixty-one.

Ebenezer Tinkham united with the church on profession of his faith at its organization, and was one of the selectmen for three years. He was a man of great enterprise, and did much for the church and town. He died April 8, 1718, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The enterprise of their ancestors has always been a characteristic of his posterity.

Hester Tinkham was a sister of Ebenezer, and there is no record of her marriage. She died in 1717, at the age of sixty-eight.

Samuel Eaton was a son of Francis and Sarah Eaton, passengers in the "Mayflower." He was settled in Duxbury in the early part of his life, and removed from there to Middleboro probably before the twenty-six were purchasers, of whom he was one. He married Martha Billington, probably a daughter of Isaac Billington, and died March 18, 1724, aged sixty-one

years. He was a member of the church in Duxbury before joining this church.

Weibrah Bumpas was the wife of Joseph Bumpas. She died Dec. 27, 1711. Her husband was a son of Edward Bumpas, one of the passengers of the "Mayflower," and a brother of Edward, who was one of the twenty-six purchasers of territory from the Indians in 1664. She was formerly a member of the church at Plymouth, and severed her relations to join this church at its organization. The descendants of Joseph and Edward were numerous in town at one time, and were industrious, thrifty men.

Jonathan Morse owned a large tract of land in town, and was frugal and diligent. He was a member of the church in Plymouth, and severed his relations with that church to join this. Some of his descendants have been very prominent in the literary and scientific world. He died in 1709, aged seventy years.

John Cob, Jr., was a son of one of the twenty-six purchasers of much of the territory of the town. His father was recorded as one of "the first-comers" in Plymouth. He was enterprising and thrifty. It was his custom, as well as that of most others in town before the organization of the church, to attend the customary service in the old church in Plymouth, returning the same day. He died in 1727, aged sixty-eight years.

Samuel Cutbart left no descendants, and died in 1699 at the age of forty-two. No tradition has ever come down to us concerning him.

But little is known of Isaac Billington. He left no male descendants, and died in 1709 at the age of sixty-six.

Deborah Barden was connected with the family that has always been well known in town from its earliest organization.

And so we have recorded the little that has come down to us of these illustrious names, the founders of the church whose history we rehearse to-day. Of most of them we may say,

> "Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
> The place of fame and elegy supply."[1]

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[1] Gray's "Elegy."

It is enough then for us to say that they were devout Christian men of sterling character, distinguished for their sobriety and industry, whose influence for good was long felt in this community. Tradition is uniform that the daily walk of these men and women was in accord with the solemn vows they took upon themselves on that memorable Sabbath of Dec. 26, 1694.[1]

It is not my purpose to trace the interesting story of this church from that day to this. It has been an eventful one. It has had its dissensions, but fewer than most churches of the Commonwealth. The differences between the old lights and the new lights were soon forgiven and forgotten. It has had its "toil and tribulation," but,

> "Glorious things of thee are spoken,
> Zion, city of our God,"

that have also been seen here. The years of 1728, 1741–2, 1808, and 1823 were

> "Years of the right hand of the Most High"

in this place. Nor does time permit me to name the men who have been prominent in its membership since its organization, or the part they have taken and the influence they have exerted in molding and shaping, not only the many interests of this church, but the affairs of the town, and not a few of them in the broader field of the colony, afterwards the Commonwealth.[2] The sacred fire on this altar, kindled two hundred years ago, has been kept burning by the children and children's children down to the seventh generation.

No church is richer than ours in men and women whose lives have made the world wiser and better, and whose Chris-

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[1] A brief sketch of the lives of some of the more prominent members of the church for the first one hundred years of its existence may be found in the history of the church.

[2] Of these, more than a dozen have been ministers of the gospel, about the same number physicians and lawyers, and scores of them in every honorable trade and occupation scattered all over the country.

tian characters have been radiant with the power of the endless life.

We are upon historic ground to-day. From my boyhood there has always been a peculiar charm that has lingered about the sites of the houses of worship this church has successively occupied. I must linger for a few moments to recal some of the associations connected with them; we are fortunate in knowing the exact location of each of them. The first, standing between the house of the late Dr. Sturtevant and the school-house on the Green, was the place where worshiped those godly men who, with their pastor, had been, under God, the instruments of converting the Indians who before the Indian War had been gathered into the three churches within the borders of our town as it then existed. These Indian churches became extinct with the breaking out of the war, and most of the Indians joined the whites in that bloody contest; after its close they removed to other parts of the State, or became so commingled with the settlers as to lose their identity.

We may judge something of their identification with the interests of the people from the fact that of the seventy-five men the town furnished for what was called Gov. Drummond's Indian War, from 1720 to 1725, one third were Indians, who cheerfully volunteered for that service, and who were good soldiers.

The second church edifice stood in front of the school-house from the year 1707 to 1746, or thereabout. It was thirty-six by thirty-six feet in size, and sixteen feet high in the walls. It had two ridge poles and four gable ends. In 1745 the roof was taken off and a pitched roof put on. Here worshiped those devout women, Mesdames Thacher and Morton, whose names and memory have come down to us fragrant with all the charms and graces of Christian womanhood. Here, too, came Samuel Prince, Nathan Prince, Samuel Eddy, Nehemiah Bennet, Ichabod Paddock, Isaac Fuller, Barzillai Thomas, — names historic in the annals of this church, this town, the colony.

This was the place in which Luke Short, when nearly one

hundred years of age, stood before the great congregation and publicly confessed his sins and took upon himself the solemn vows of your church.

The story of his interesting conversion is fresh in the minds of you all. He was a member of Cromwell's train band; was present at the execution of Charles I, and, after leading a dissolute life for more than eighty years, was one day, after he had reached the age of nearly one hundred, hoeing corn in the field adjoining the house where Deacon Tillson used to live. As he approached in his work a large rock (that may be now seen), there suddenly flashed through him the memory of the benediction which he had heard the great Flavel pronounce so many years before; this so affected him that he gave his heart to God and united with the church, and during the last years of his life was an earnest, devout, Christian man. He died at the great age of one hundred and sixteen years. Yesterday, as I drove past that field and saw that rock there, I could but think that that, as well as those old meeting-houses, was another monument to the power of the same gospel, here preached for two hundred years, in changing the lives and characters of men.

To that old church must have come the men, women, and children of this entire township on the memorable Sabbath of the fall of 1746, to unite with the churches of the colony in prayer for deliverance from the impending calamity that threatened with destruction the entire English colonies. Owing to the protracted disputes between the English and French people, Louis XV had determined, as the most effective blow he could administer to his ancient enemy, to devastate her settlements in New England. Accordingly, the largest fleet that ever sailed from France, consisting of seventy ships, under the command of her most experienced admiral, was sent forth. So confident was the admiral of victory, that he ordered a huge broom to be hoisted from the mainmast of his flagship, as a symbol that he was to sweep the name of the English from the Atlantic coast. Great was the peril of the colonists. England was not more alarmed by the great

Spanish Armada in 1588 than were the colonies at this time. They had no fleet that could resist such a powerful armament, and were without means of defence; their only hope of deliverance was from the God that had so often come to their rescue. Accordingly, the people of the colonies met in their respective places of worship to spend a day in fasting and in prayer for their deliverance. The people of Boston assembled in the Old South Church, and spent the entire day in prayer. The next night there came such a storm as was never before known on the Atlantic, and the great French fleet was separated, most of the vessels broken or destroyed, and but few of the seventy vessels escaped. The admiral, in his chagrin, committed suicide; and Gov. Hutchinson, in his history of these times, said that "pious men saw the immediate hand of Divine Providence in the protection, or rather rescue, of the colonies."

And to this house of God, during the ministry of Rev. Mr. Thacher, came the four hundred and sixty men, women, and children who publicly renounced their sins and professed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. If they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever, what must have been the reward that awaited that godly man as he passed on through the gates into the celestial city!

But perhaps the most interesting associations connected with any of these church edifices cluster about the meeting-house standing upon the site of yonder foundation from about 1745 to 1828. Its form was similar to the churches of that day. It had its high pulpit, its sounding board, and its square pews; its seats for Negroes and Indians; its pews for the deaf and for the old men and women; its pew for the distinguished judge and his family; its place for the tithing man.

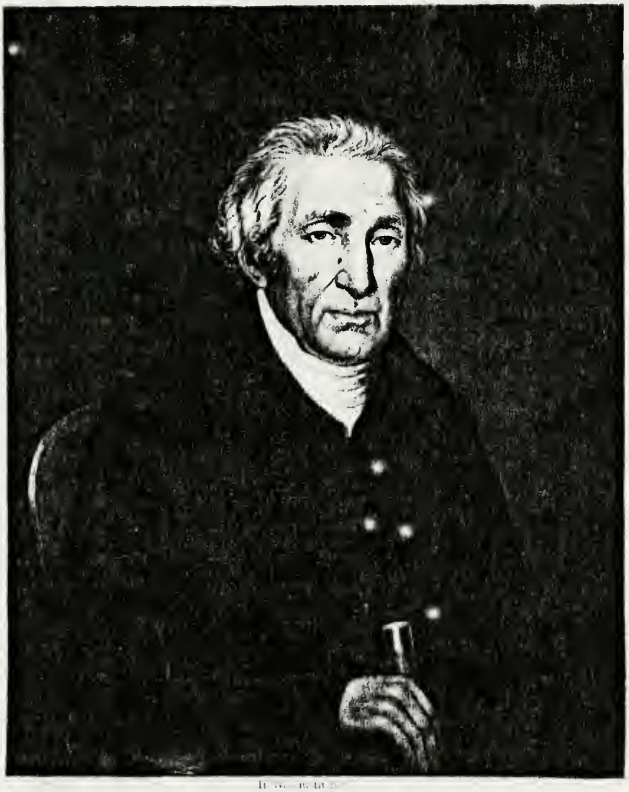
This was one of the churches in which the great Whitefield preached during his visit to America. Here worshiped Judge Oliver, the most eminent man in the colony prior to the breaking out of the Revolution, to whose stately residence, situated on the brow of Muttock Hill, came the most distinguished men who visited the colonies. His family attended this church

during thirty years, and for most of that period he was leader of the singing. One of the good ladies disaffected with the new order of things being introduced into the church, in disparagement thereof wrote to one of her friends that "even the judge of the land was bawling in the gallery with the boys."

It was in this church that Benjamin Franklin, during his visit to the eminent Dr. Clark, worshiped, and during the intermission between the morning and afternoon services gave that interesting conversation, remembered not only by those who heard it, but the traditions of which still linger among us.

Here worshiped Gov. Bowdoin while a resident of our town. Here came Gov. Hutchinson and his family when passing their summers at Muttock. Here came to worship Sir William Temple while visiting the colony, and others equally eminent in English history. Here was to be found, in his boyhood, Thomas Prince, the eminent pastor of the Old South Church of Boston.

As I wandered last evening about yonder church-yard, I lingered with awe and reverence about the stone erected in memory of Mr. Conant, the fourth pastor of this church. From the high pulpit in that grand old meeting-house, which some of you remember to have seen, he, in his most eloquent and forcible utterances, urged his people to resist the atrocities that were being perpetrated during the French and Indian War. With burning words he fearlessly advised resistance to the oppression of the mother country, to the odious Stamp Act, the unjust tax upon tea, the bloody massacre on State Street in the town of Boston, and went out as chaplain of one of the regiments of the Old Colony that he might stay up the hands and support the feeble knees of those of this church and this town who were standing and fighting upon the battle-fields of the Revolution. It was by his stirring, patriotic words that Joshua Eddy, one of the deacons of this church, with thirty-five others of its members and many more from this town, were induced to enlist and then cheered on and encouraged to take the glorious part they did in that fearful struggle



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for liberty and for an independent nation. Among this number were officers of distinction and private soldiers of unsurpassed valor. Some of them were at Lexington and Bunker Hill; some were at Saratoga and saw the surrender of Burgoyne; some in Rhode Island and New York; some bravely endured the hardships and privations of Monmouth and Princeton; and the survivors, at the close of the war for independence, here came to unite in the prayers of thanksgiving of this church for the deliverance which Almighty God had seen fit to grant to the nation. "The sacramental hosts were not all wasted by these tribulations."

Time does not permit me to name the prominent men of the town and colony who found that old edifice a place for spiritual refreshment, where they gained strength and courage that enabled them so manfully to meet and so bravely to endure the hardships, struggles, and sacrifices of the French and Indian War and the fiercer struggles of the Revolution. It was one of the historic spots of the country, and, whatever may be the interest attached to other localities, that old church, with what it had seen and what had transpired within its walls, was certainly among the places long to be remembered in the history of New England.

And what shall I say of the associations connected with *this* house, which linger in the recollection of some of you as among the most precious memories of your lives? It was designed by one of the best architects of that day, Deacon Ebenezer Sproat. It was built in 1828, and dedicated the next year. Well might Daniel Webster have said, as he rode past it soon after its dedication, that it was the finest church edifice in New England.

There are those before me who remember the vast audience that used to gather here for years after it was dedicated. As I stand here, there come before me the men and their families who occupied these pews in my earliest boyhood. Such men and such women! It was at that time often said by strangers that there was no such congregation, outside of Boston, in the

State. There could not have been found a better representation of the sturdy, intelligent, well-to-do yeomanry of that day than used to gather in this house, or higher ideals of manhood and womanhood of fifty and sixty years ago than those who then occupied these pews. One and another, yea, a score and more, of those men seem to come up before me — men well known and respected all over the country, representing the various industries and occupations of life. I recal thirteen successful merchants, four eminent physicians, lawyers whose reputations extended all over this Commonwealth, a dozen skilful mechanics, of each of whom Longfellow's delightful poem, "The Village Blacksmith," was more than true; and manufacturers whose wares were sent all over the country, and whose enterprise was not to be excelled by any in the country. There were men here in the church and society of wide political influence, who filled important positions in the town, county, and State. There were men and women here well versed in literature, whose pens were a power in the world of thought and letters. There were those who could cope with the ablest in the subtle questions of law, of theology, and of history. Here were poets and artists of national fame. There was one, often the guest of Jefferson and Chief Justice Marshall. There were men here, widely known in civil and military circles, — one the intimate friend of the elder and the younger Adams. Who of us can ever forget that long roll that might be called of dignified, intelligent, strong, well-to-do farmers, with their large families, that in those days occupied so many of these pews?

There were here, too, strong, earnest, devout Christian men and women. The great objects of Christian charity and benevolence, to ameliorate and make better our humanity, that then were just coming before the world, received their fullest and most cordial sympathy and support. The streams of Christian charity that flowed from these pews have made glad the dark places of our world.

Who of us who remember those days can ever forget the

large choir that crowded these galleries, the skilful players on instruments, their earnest leader, or, after the afternoon service, those long lines of carriages that radiated from this sacred center to the many neighborhoods of this large parish?

There are memories that crowd upon us as we sit here to-day that are sweet to some of us, and which time cannot obliterate.

What records are here! of what unwritten history am I telling, and how much more than I tell do you recal!

> "O, many the thoughts of the heart,
> As we stand by this temple of God
> And think of the worshipers, vanished and gone,
> Who up to its courts have trod!
>
> "They came in the joy of their souls,
> Or they came with their burdens to bear,
> In the sunlight of youth, in the evening of age,
> In hope, or in grief and despair.
>
> "O, strong is the tie that entwines,
> And subtle the mystical cord
> That binds human souls, with their sorrows and sins,
> To the altar and house of the Lord."[1]

And what shall I say more? Time would fail me to tell of the pastors of this church; of the saintly Fuller; of the erring but repentant Palmer; of the faithful, godly Thacher; of the kind, earnest, and patriotic Conant; of the pious, Christian statesman, Barker; of the gentle, earnest Paine; of the scholarly Eaton; of the devout, winning, able Putnam, who

> ". . . watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
> And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt his new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way";[2]

and of Sawyer, Hidden, and Sawin, whose memories are still fragrant with their piety, their goodness and zeal in the work of their Master, — all "who through faith subdued kingdoms,

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[1] From Rev. Increase N. Tarbox, D.D., poem, "The Country Church."
[2] Goldsmith, "The Deserted Village."

wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

I can see those before me who might have known men and women who had talked with the founders of this church. We have stood to-day where they stood; have walked in paths that were familiar to them; have had pass before us scenes which were eventful in their lives, and have stood with uncovered heads beside their last resting place — one life between us and them. What thoughts crowd upon the mind on an occasion like this, as we span the distance between us and them; what records have been made in the world's history since the records which we have perused to-day; what progress among the nations; what changes have these two hundred years wrought; what advance in art, in science, in literature; what marvelous inventions; what magnificent charities; what progress in government, in liberty, in human rights; what gigantic strides in overcoming the darkness of the heathen world! and yet all of this is the story of what they and their children and their children's children contributed in their day and generation, which has taken root and grown into the marvelous proportions we witness to-day.

The little colonies have grown to the great nation of the United States of America, with its sixty-five million of inhabitants; from the Atlantic to the Pacific there are homes of peace and plenty; and a government has grown from the little town meeting of the colonies to the great government of the United States that secures to the humblest citizen life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

When the foundations of this church were laid there was scarcely a missionary society in the world, and to-day the infant is living that in all human probability will see the spread of the same gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ so dear to our fathers throughout the length and breadth of the world. Such marvelous results, such wonderful achievements,

such magnificent success, were of their planting, their nurturing, and their training, that we might enjoy the fruits thereof!

These two hundred years have witnessed the overthrow of the French power in the new world and the establishment and successful maintenance of the independence from the mother country of the thirteen original colonies, the successful resistance to her encroachments in 1812, and, grander than all, the wiping out of that relic of barbarism in our own country that had come down from the dark past, all at such cost of treasures of life and of property. As I stand in this place and cast my eyes over this large audience, I see the seat and recal the face of one and another and another of those who started life with me, but who are not with us to-day — one, from exposure in the swamps of Chickamauga, lingered for months, and then his life went on beyond; another fell at Antietam; another, climbing the breastworks of Fredericksburg, was pierced with a dozen rebel bullets; another died from wounds at Cold Harbor; and another, whose bones are resting in a nameless grave under the shades at Arlington. No greater service was rendered by our fathers in the formation of our institutions and government than was rendered by those brave men, the companions of my boyhood, who gave their lives in defending what our fathers builded so well.

Brethren, amid all the changes of successive generations, as they come and go, we, the children of those who two hundred years ago here worshiped the true and living God, must never forget the credit due to this ancient and honored church for the lives that have been here lived, for the characters of those men and women, for the good they exerted, and for all they helped to accomplish. Their faith, their principles, are our crown jewels; see to it that they are ever sacredly guarded.

And so to-day we "walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

At the end of Mr. Weston's oration a bass song, "The breaking waves dashed high" (*Mrs. Hemans*), music by Brown, was sung by Messrs. G. A. Cox and H. F. Wood.

It had been planned that the Governor of the Commonwealth for which the Pilgrim churches did so much, the Hon. Frederic T. Greenhalge, might speak on this occasion, but there was a misunderstanding as to the date, and his Excellency was not present.

The following letter was read: —

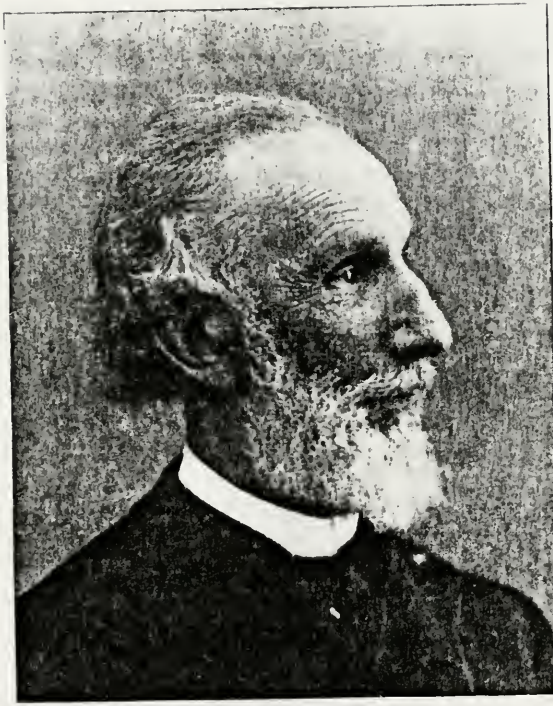
EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
Aug. 16, 1894.

My Dear Sir, — The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., in which you invite him to attend the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Middleboro, and to express his regrets that it will be impossible both for Mrs. Cleveland and for him to attend the interesting exercises which you have prepared for the occasion. The President asks me to thank you for the thoughtfulness and consideration of which your courteous invitation is an evidence.

Very truly yours,

HENRY T. THURBER,
Private Secretary.

REV. GEORGE W. STEARNS,
Middleboro, Mass.



Chas W. Wood

The President of the Day. — It has been our lot often to bless other churches by dismissing to them with loving reluctance our own highly prized members. Numbers of these have come back to their old mother church for these two days of anniversary joy. It is said that when wild winds, one summer day in 1822, suddenly assaulted and overwhelmed the boat in which sat the gifted though sadly wayward young poet, Shelley, friends on the Italian shore, near which the tragedy occurred, burned to ashes the mortal remains of the almost peerless singer, except his heart, which was borne reverently away, pathetically poor treasure though it was, to repose in his native England. Our next speaker, who enlisted here in Christ's sublime service more than a half century ago, is one whose name indeed we have lost from our roll of present members, but whose heart, never lost, is still ours. I have the privilege of presenting one venerated and beloved by us all, our reverend brother, Charles W. Wood.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE

ADDRESS OF REV. CHARLES W. WOOD[1]

The highest point on the Plymouth & Middleboro Railroad is very near the house built and occupied by the late Dr. Sturtevant, and opposite that house can now be seen the outlines of the first church which was erected by the settlers of Middleboro. The elevation of land in this vicinity probably determined its selection as the center of the town. The residence of the first minister was only a few rods from this meeting-house.

This house was sold, 1701, for £5, 2*s*.

The second house of worship was located near the school house, opposite the present parsonage. It was thirty-six by thirty, sixteen feet stud. It had two ridge-poles and four

[1] The lamented death of Rev. Charles W. Wood occurred at his home in Middleboro, March 3, 1895. He was born in this town, June 20, 1814, and united with the church on confession of faith in 1837, being numbered 948 in the descriptive catalog.

gable ends. It at first had no pews. Rev. Mr. Thacher was the first person to whom consent was given by the parish to build a pew in some convenient place for the use of his family, and not long afterwards nineteen other persons were permitted to erect pews at their own expense.

Before this time the seats were probably, like those in most of the meeting-houses in the neighboring towns, long, narrow, uncomfortable benches, without any support for the back. This house was at one time considerably enlarged to accommodate the increasing number of worshipers; its roof was removed, and a modern one substituted, and other changes were made in its general appearance. In consequence of unhappy differences arising from the controversy between the "old lights" and the "new lights," which then agitated the churches, two societies existed here for a while, and a new meeting-house was erected in 1745. This division was soon healed, and the old meeting-house was sold, and the parish was united again for worship in the new house.

The meeting-house built in 1745 stood but a few rods from where we now are, and remained until 1829. Of that house I have quite a distinct recollection. I remember with clearness sitting upon my mother's foot-stove, and resting my head in her lap; and I can almost feel now the weariness with which I looked into her face, and asked, "Isn't he almost done?" I referred to the minister, who was Rev. Mr. Paine. I see him as he stands in the lofty pulpit, with his long cloak, and with black gloves upon his hands, from which the finger tips had been cut off that he might more easily turn the leaves of the Bible or his sermon.

The body of the house, as I remember it, was somewhat longer north and south than it was east and west, of sufficient hight to admit of two rows of windows, one above the other, filled with a great number of small panes of glass. From the eastern side an ample portico extended, upon which was a steeple containing a large belfry, in which, however, a bell never swung. Large doors opened from the eastern side into

a vestibule, upon whose walls were many notices, especially of intended marriages, which all were eager to read before entering upon public worship or at the noon recess. From the north and also from the south, side doors opened immediately into the audience room.

The interior of the church presented to youthful eyes a somewhat magnificent appearance, with its lofty ceiling overhead, its deep galleries upon three sides, and an imposing pulpit occupying a large portion of the fourth side.

The pulpit was of dizzy hight, overshadowed by a widely extended sounding-board. A few feet below the top of the pulpit was a large enclosure, capable of holding a considerable number of persons who, on account of deafness, wished to be seated near the preacher, and below this was an extended seat for the deacons, of whom, I think, there were four, and before this seat was suspended on hinges the communion table, to be raised at the communion service.

In these primitive meeting-houses, it was no uncommon thing for the snows of winter to penetrate, especially around the large window at the rear of the pulpit, so that the minister often found his place more than usually uncomfortable from his snowy surroundings. I recollect to have heard, many years ago, of an amusing event which was said to have occurred in Middleboro or in some neighboring town.

The preacher found the top of his pulpit well covered with snow. He stood up and with his right hand brushed a portion of it off, not minding where it went. He observed a smile upon the faces of people. He looked over to see what he had done, and discovered that he had sent a cold shower upon the head of the solitary person who was seated in the deaf seat below. He then brushed with his left hand the remaining snow in an opposite direction. He observed that his audience were more amused than before. He looked down again upon the seat below, and found that the man he had so seriously annoyed had moved, and in consequence had received another cold chill from his thoughtless minister.

The large square pews of the meeting-house were arranged on all sides against the walls; aisles in front of them extended all around, and the space in the center was filled with pews and aisles in a somewhat complicated manner; for I remember it was sometimes a puzzling operation for me to discover my way to certain pews I wished to find. The pews were filled with seats on two or three sides, attached by hinges to the walls, so that they could be raised during the long prayer, permitting worshipers to stand with hands or arms resting upon the rail at the top. At the close of the prayer these seats went down, making a noise like a discharge of musketry at a muster.

> "And when at last the loud amen
> Fell from aloft, how quickly then
> The seats came down with heavy rattle,
> Like musketry in fiercest battle."

A by-law of one of our towns reads: "The people are to let their seats down without such noise." And another: "The boys are not to wickedly noise down their pew-seats."

Some of these seats, with hinges attached, may be seen now in the chapel, in the rear of the church, which did service in the old meeting-house a hundred years ago.

The tops of the pews, as I remember them, were ornamented with little balusters of artistic form, which were often turned by childish hands, and made to squeak, to the amusement of the little ones, and to the annoyance of older ones.

These open balustrades afforded opportunity for children to look into neighboring pews, and occasionally to cast a paper ball at another youth, who was readily recognized. At a somewhat later period of life, through these openings sly missives were sometimes passed which were of more interest than anything the most eloquent preacher could utter.

Not many days ago, a lady, now present, described to me the meeting-house of her girlish days, which was very much like the one which stood here, and she remembers on one occasion recognizing, through the baluster cubby-holes of the

pew in which she was seated, a boy of her acquaintance; their eyes met, and so marked were their smiles of recognition that smiles of sympathy were seen on many faces around them. I was somewhat surprised to learn that that boy was the son of the beloved pastor who, in subsequent years, occupied this pulpit for a third of a century.

This top rail of adjoining pews was used by older persons as well as by younger ones. During the long service of a hot Sunday, the grateful smelling-bottle or sprigs of caraway, dill, or fennel, or southernwood were passed by farmer, wife, or daughter as a defence against sleepiness. The poet has given us the picture.

> And when I tired and restless grew,
> Our next pew neighbor, Mrs. True,
> Reached her kind hand the top rail through,
> To hand me dill and fennel too,
> And sprigs of caraway.
>
> And as I munched the spicy seeds,
> I dimly felt that kindly deeds
> That thus supply our present needs,
> Though only gifts of pungent weeds,
> Show true religion.
>
> And often now through sermon trite,
> And operatic singer's flight,
> I long for that old friendly sight,
> The hand with herbs of value light,
> To help to pass the time.

It was a custom in many places for hard working men to stand up for a while and lean over the top of the pew during the sermon. I read that the deacon of a certain church never let a summer Sunday pass without thus resting himself.

One day, having ill secured the wooden button of the pew door, his leaning place gave way and out he fell with a loud noise upon the floor of the aisle. It may well be imagined there was no more sleeping for him or his neighbors during the remainder of the sermon.

A youth of our congregation, some way in his restlessness,

at one time thrust his head through the balusters, and was unable to get it back again until, with a little commotion, he was released by friendly hands which came to his rescue.

It was not always peace and harmony in the old meeting-house. The sons of the Pilgrims had too much of the spirit of independence and of individual responsibility never to differ in opinion from one another.

One subject of difference was the introduction of stoves into the church, one party contending for it, and another very strongly opposed to it. Arguments were advanced with great spirit, *pro* and *con*, producing oftentimes an unlovely and bitter feeling among neighbors and former friends. Tradition tells us of the woman who was so oppressed by the heat of the stove which had been introduced that she was carried out fainting, and upon recovery, declared that it was caused by the offensive heat of the stove, and that she could attend church here no more; but she changed her views somewhat when she learned that no fire had as yet been kindled in the stove.

It is somewhat remarkable that this story is substantially told in the history of half a dozen of the churches of New England.

Another subject which caused a great deal of trouble in the church was the introduction of instrumental music. After a struggle, the bass viol was admitted as help for the voices. So great was the opposition of a prominent member, that he threatened to absent himself if this instrument should be seen in the church. It is said that a neighbor accused this man of trespassing upon his land, and he proposed to hang a bass viol upon one of his trees, saying that the sight of it was so offensive that it would keep his trespassing neighbor far away from his premises.

The violin was admitted on the condition that it should be played upside down, for then it would be a viol, and by no means a fiddle.

Then followed a great number of instruments of music, the

double bass viol, the bassoon, the serpent, the flute, clarinet, and French horn, forming an orchestra or brass band.

It is said that some of the ancients, after the performance of the choir under these new conditions, left the church in tears, feeling that the worshipers in God's house had become servants of Nebuchadnezzar, whose herald proclaimed, "At what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship."

The old meeting-house, though its summer heats and its winter coldness could not be forgotten, must have been left with many regrets by those who had there worshiped the God of their fathers. It must have been associated with many pleasant memories of persons and events of the past. Many distinguished men had been worshipers there. Some of the highest officers of the State had been seen there, the guests of Judge Oliver, who received the appointment of Chief Justice from the crown of Great Britain.

Benjamin Franklin once sat in one of the pews and listened to the preacher, and entertained large numbers of the people who crowded around him at the intermission and listened with rapt attention to his wise words, of which they could make profitable use in after years, as they repeated to their children the sayings of Poor Richard, as they were then told to call him.

Many could tell of the visit of the world-noted Whitefield, who found the house so crowded as he attempted to enter that he could gain admission only by a ladder through the pulpit window in the rear, when he preached a remarkable sermon from the text, "I am this day weak, though anointed king," which had been suggested to him not many minutes before by the pastor, who for some reason was passing through a season of despondency.

There were also memories of remarkable triumphs of the gospel which these walls had witnessed and by them had been hallowed. During the period which elapsed between the build-

ing of this house in 1745 and its removal in 1829, four hundred and twenty-five persons had been numbered with the members of the church.

On account of the interesting associations connected with the old meeting-house, it must have been left with some degree of sadness, though the beautiful new meeting-house opened its ample doors, inviting all to thankfulness and praise, that God had put into the hearts of his people to prepare for his worship a house of such extended proportions, of such comeliness and comfort.

Following Mr. Wood's address was an anthem by the choir: "All hail the Power of Jesus' Name" (*T. M. Towne*).

The President of the Day. — I have the pleasure now to introduce one who, years ago, wandered away from old Middleboro and the protecting wing of the First Church, but who, I am well assured, has ever fondly cherished his remembrances of the good old days which some of you here present may have shared with him; one who bears a name highly honored in the annals of our venerable church, as well as in the wider circles of the business world, — Mr. John Eddy, of Providence.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN EDDY

MR. PRESIDENT: When Dr. Wayland was president of Brown University, an unsuccessful country minister applied to him for a professorship in that institution. The doctor inquired of him what chair he considered himself best qualified to fill. The parson replied, "I kinder thought I might slide into e'en a'most any on 'em."

When your committee inquired what part I would take in this celebration, I replied that I kinder thought I should prefer to slide into a postscript.

Anxious mothers are said to keep their children close in summer time, but in the winter to let them slide. This season of the year is not propitious for that kind of recreation, and I have been fearing that the temperature may give me a slide in quite another direction.

I find myself in the position of the Irishman who was directed to blow some powders through a tube into a horse's throat. When inquired of about his success, he declared that he had none at all, for the horse took advantage of him.

By the addresses of yesterday and to-day, the wind has been taken out of my sail, so far as reminiscences go (as the Brittania did it for the Vigilant). I will not, therefore, use "vain repetitions, as the heathen do."

Just fifty-seven years ago, I heard Hon. Orestes A. Bronson (then a promising light) deliver an oration, in which he compared the government of England to that of the United States. He spoke of the ruling classes as having been largely born to their positions, but he thanked God that, in this country, if a man was born at all he was well born. Why not go a little further and say that the institutions of New England are all "well born"? Especially that of this church, whose natal day we honor ourselves in celebrating. Let us publicly thank God for its foundation, that its history has been so full of

Divine guidance, and has through all these years been so replete with benignity.

As our fathers were English, we have naturally credited England with more than its share in shaping our destinies.

New England "was born in Geneva, expanded in Holland, and transplanted to Scotland, and begat the revolution in England, and went over in the 'Maytlower' with the Pilgrims to the New World, to seek a temple for the God of liberty and a refuge for human rights."

By the experiences of our English ancestors gained in Holland, we inherit the best that was then known of government, education, and religion.

It is not to these, however, that I wish to call your attention, but rather to the inestimable value that our ancestors put upon pious homes. From their expressions, both in public and in private correspondence, it is apparent that their chief idea and inducement in emigrating to the New World was to establish homes in which they might be secure "from great men's oppression and the bishop's rage," and where they might hand down to posterity their idea of a Christian household.

They appreciated the goodness of God that he had "set the solitary in families."

The comparatively mild laws which were enacted by the Plymouth Colony, and the more oppressive statutes of Massachusetts Bay, had their origin in their overwhelming desire to protect their homes from injurious contact with the perverse ways of the world.

In England, their homes had been subject to search, and it was here provided at an early day that a man's house should be inviolate.

How would our fathers turn in their graves to find a law on our statute books which gives the right to a civil officer to search a home, even though it might be reasonably sure that intoxicating liquors would be brought to light.

In some of the western States, the sanctity of home has been

provided for in their constitutions by making a homestead exempt from attachment for the debts of the owner.

The only excuse for such a provision is that the home is thereby preserved, from which flows all that is best in our civilization. For that reason, it is worthy of imitation.

In no other country does the word mean so much as here. Nor is there one where the home is more sacredly guarded and kept more pure.

In some languages, there is no word corresponding to our word "home," nor is there the virtue that prevails here.

It is, therefore, in the spirit of our Pilgrim Fathers that we so love to sing the song which is, and ever shall be, most dear to our hearts, —

> "'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
> A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
> Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
> Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
> There's no place like Home,
> O, there's no place like Home."

To the homes of the Pilgrims, women contributed the larger share of influence, deprivation, and labor. As there were no servants, women not only did their own work but spun and wove, reared, on an average, eight children, and made the clothing of the family, and, if occasion required could do things more heroic. It was a grandmother of mine who, on hearing the pigs squeal, concluded that a wild beast was in the pen, and in a dark night, while her lord was absent, took the old King's-arm from above the mantel and bagged a bear. What man could be so audacious as to refuse such woman's rights?

It was Elizabeth, the wife of Samuel Eddy, my first ancestor in this country, who walked from Plymouth to Boston on a Sunday to be at the deathbed of Mrs. Saffin, and was fined four shillings sixpence therefor by the governor and assistants.

Within the limits of this parish, while but twenty houses had been built in Middleboro, at the time of the breaking out

of King Philip's War (1675), John Eddy was hoeing corn in his field with his trusty musket at his side. Indians were lurking in his neighborhood with deadly intent. He perceived one in the distance and drew a bead upon him and the Indian fell. At the same instant the Indian also fired, and the bullets passed each other. The bullet of the Indian knocked the hammer off the gun of my ancestor. So near did his descendants here present come to missing this anniversary.

While glorifying our fathers, let us never forget to do greater homage to our mothers.

How vividly do I remember the home of one who for twenty-eight years was a deacon of this church, which came as near to the Christian ideal as can well be conceived. He was a patriarch of the old school, and a captain during the war of the Revolution. It is some sixty-five years since he went to his home above. He had a numerous family, and five of his sons settled near the paternal mansion. But such an attraction did the old home possess that for many years after these sons, at the hour of evening prayer, gathered around the old family altar. To such is the promise that their peace shall flow like a river.

Their social gatherings ended with a prayer of thanksgiving and a song of praise and John Newton's doxology.

If any one in the neighborhood was known to have offended against morality, the good old deacon would be so grieved that with tears in his eyes he would beg the delinquent not to offend again in like manner, till it became a threat against evil-doers: "I will set the deacon on to you."

On one occasion he heard a stranger use profane language. Without a word, the countenance of the good man betrayed his grief. They parted without speaking. A short time thereafter the stranger returned and acknowledged the reproof and vowed he would never again use a profane expression.

But it was on Thanksgiving days that his whole soul seemed to be poured out in gratitude and praise. On the evening before, the numerous progeny began to assemble till the vil-

lage was overflowing. From far and near they came, attracted by the magnetism of that home influence. No special invitations were given, and their coming was a matter of course. The welcome was unbounded, and the whole neighborhood entered into the spirit of it. It was the red-letter day of all the year. The morning was spent at church in public and devout thanksgiving. And what singing they did enjoy in those good old days, when a hundred voices were led by a bugle and a dozen other musical instruments! How vividly did the plains of Palestine rise to my youthful imagination, when rang out so as to shake the building: —

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

So also when "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" was rendered, I could see the multitude assembling, coming from all Christian nations to "crown him Lord of all."

There was a Thanksgiving dinner in every house, and in the evening came the grand reunion at the patriarchal mansion.

Of all religious meetings or ceremonies, I have never witnessed one that compared with it in pathos. Had any been in trouble, heart-felt sympathy did its perfect work. Had any been unfortunate, genuine benevolence made the losses good. Had there been any misunderstandings, all were healed and geniality mingled with prayer and praise. It was to every one present a never-to-be-forgotten benediction. "A charm from the skies seemed to hallow us there."

The whole family were musical, and one of the daughters had a charming and ringing voice. When it struck the treble in those old fugue tunes, it seemed to raise the rafters. It may be from association, but I had rather hear that music than the modern scientific.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; . . . if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

I think I voice the sentiment of the descendants of the good

old deacon to the fourth generation here present, when I declare that we will ever hold his example in grateful remembrance, and will ever be thankful for such an ancestry.

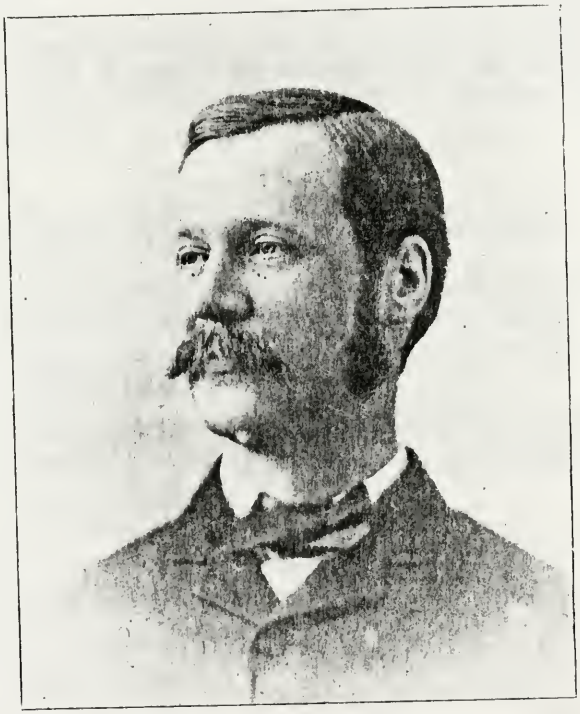
A logical product of that home influence I call to mind in the delightful remembrance of that spotless young man [1] who was so deeply interested in the welfare of this church (as well as in the one to which he belonged in the chief city of the State), and who would have contributed by his presence so much to the success of this festival, had he lived a few months longer. As the pencil of the Holy Ghost has recorded nothing against the character of Joseph, so the record of this righteous young man is without a stain. Other families in this grand old parish can undoubtedly furnish a sketch of their own equally worthy, for all of which let us thank God and take courage.

No better illustration of a Christian home can be found than that of the late Rev. Dr. Israel W. Putnam, who was for so many years the beloved pastor of this church. He was a born genial gentleman, brimful of the milk of human kindness. No one could have been more sympathetic, benevolent, and helpful, and no one has left a more enduring and delightful memory. His spiritual children rise up and call him blessed.

Let us then imitate the virtues and heroism of our fathers, and especially such as relate to loving and pure homes, and let us hand them down unimpaired to the last syllable of recorded time.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

[1] Francis G. Pratt, Jr. See page 120.



Francis G. Pratt Jr.

The President of the Day. — While we hopefully face the unknown future, many of the felicitous utterances of this festal occasion naturally turn the mind backward, as if to stem the stream of time, — a task which only the mind may perform. Far away in the earliest years of our history, those pristine times of simplicity, hardship, heroism, and piety, looms up the personality of our original pastor, Samuel Fuller, of revered memory. We are fortunate in having with us to-day one of his lineal descendants, who in the legal profession sustains the dignity illustrated by his forefathers in the ministerial and medical. With much pleasure I introduce Judge Fuller, of Taunton.

ADDRESS OF HON. WILLIAM E. FULLER

Mr. President: With all my heart I join with you to-day in paying a tribute of honor to the fathers of this church.

Its rolls bear the names of my father and my mother, Jabez Fuller and Sally Churchill Fuller.

On headstones, near the gate of the opposite burying-ground, you may read the names of my grandparents, Doctor Jonathan Fuller and Lucy Eddy Fuller.

My parents moved to another church in 1826, and my grandfather died in 1802, so that probably no man now living in this parish remembers either of them. To you I am a stranger, but to myself I seem to be standing among kindred spirits. Doctor Jonathan Fuller was the grandson of Doctor Isaac Fuller, who, in turn, was the youngest son of Rev. Samuel Fuller, the first minister of the First Church of Christ in Middleboro.

Only four generations of my ancestors in the Fuller line stand between me and the first minister.

Do you recal with deep and sympathetic interest the names of those pioneers, children of the Pilgrims, who first came here from Plymouth to make homes for themselves and their descendants, to establish this church of Christ, to found a town? So do I.

Do your minds stray away from present circumstances and linger around the early dwellings of those who first cleared and tilled these fields and dotted them with homes? So does mine.

Do you often think what strenuous and incessant toil was required of them, men, women, and children all alike, only to wrench from the unwilling earth their annual subsistence? And yet how much beyond all that they created and transmitted to their descendants!

Who built these miles on miles of walls that bound and sub-divide your farms? Who first wrought these scores of miles of highways that connect farm with farm, and neighborhood with neighborhood? Nearly all of them were built by the first three generations.

Let us strive in our imagination to come to-day still nearer to the lives of those early dwellers. Let us enter their primitive dwellings. Not one of them to-day stands upon the face of the earth. Sixty years ago, few, if any, remained. But you recal the picture of the old-time dwelling; its low, overhanging roof, its great central chimney, its wooden door-latch, and the leather latchstring hanging out by day and pulled in by night. Inside you see the great open fireplace, with its crane and trammels and pots and skillets, and above the mantel-piece the rusty old firelock, high above the reach of the children. There stands the rude oaken table around which the great family is fed, and here the high-backed settle, saving the need of many bark-seated chairs. The piano is not there, but the spinning-wheel is, and mother and daughters all alike were skilled in drawing forth its soothing roundelay. In the corner stands the high-post bed, where pa and ma and baby sleep, and underneath it slides the trundle-bed, where two or three more tired toddlers snooze and dream.

We know what stedfast men and women were produced in those simple homes. The orator has told you to-day. We know them by their fruits. They labored, and we have entered into their labors.

Z. Eddy

Only once, before to-day, have I sat in this church. It was forty years ago, but I have not yet forgotten the fine, firm features of old Dr. Putnam, nor the clear, distinct purpose of the sermon that he preached that day. Even now I seem to see sitting in these pews other forms than those that you behold. Again I seem to be sitting in the pew beside my genial, loved, and honored kinsman and namesake, the elder William Eddy. In the pew just in front of me rises up the venerable form of good old Joshua Eddy[1], whose snowy hair and benignant face reflect the mild light of other days. Not far away I see the stern and solemn countenance of old Nathaniel Eddy, a typical deacon of the old-time school. And just across the aisle mine eyes behold again, with youthful admiration, the towering form of the serene and learned old counselor, Zechariah Eddy, contemporary and every inch the peer of those other eminent lawyers in the old Colony, Marcus Morton, William Baylies, and Daniel Webster.

By your first minister the ministry of this church is very closely linked to that of the seer and the prophet of Congregationalism, the elder John Robinson. Mr. Samuel Fuller, as has been told you, was the only son of the Pilgrim, Dr. Samuel Fuller, the deacon of the Leyden and the Plymouth church. I can pardon you, Mr. Stearns, to-day, if for this day, at least, you feel some self-gratulation in being able to trace your true apostolic succession through such men as old Dr. Putnam, Joseph Barker, Sylvanus Conant, and grand old Peter Thacher, up to the great apostles of Congregationalism in New England, Elder Brewster and John Robinson.

Of the first minister of this church we know less than of any of his successors. We have a copy of the church record kept by him, transcribed by his grandson. He left no printed sermon, and if there is any written sermon or correspondence of his now in existence, it is unknown to me. I had hoped that my friend Weston would have been able to bring something of this kind to light. But he left a precious relic, a

[1] See portrait facing page 89.

manuscript book, in which it was his custom to enter his texts and sub-texts and scriptural quotations to be used by him in delivering his off-hand discourses. That book was preserved by a branch of his descendants down to forty or fifty years ago, when it was given up for safe-keeping to the New England Historic-Genealogical Society. I have in my possession a part of a leaf cut from that book before it was given up, and I have mounted it in this frame, where, if any of you are curious to see his handwriting, it may still be seen. He died one hundred and ninety-nine years ago this month, — perhaps, correcting the ancient calendar, it is one hundred and ninety-nine years to-day, certainly within one day. His people most fittingly buried him on the top of the highest summit of the old Hill burying-ground. With pious care, they carved a stone and placed it by his grave, and there it stands unto this day. It is of fissile substance, and now after the storms and frosts of so many winters it is flaking and crumbling, and slowly mingling with the dust of him that lies buried beneath it. The legend upon it is nearly effaced, but it is still readable, as you may see by this photograph taken two years ago. It reads: —

[HER]E LYES BURIED Y^{e}
[BODY] OF Y^{e} REV^{d} M^{r}
[SA]MUEL FULLER WHO
[D]EPATED THS LIFE AUGst
Y^{e} 17th 1695
IN Y^{e} 71st YEAR
OF HIS AGE HE
WAS Y^{e} 1st MINIſTER
OF Y^{e} 1st CHURCH OF
CHRIſT IN MIDDLE^{Ch}

Most profoundly we thank our pious ancestors for engraving upon that stone the tale that tells to us, now two hundred years away, the name, the pastoral office, the limits of life, and the place of burial, of their first minister. The debt we owe to our ancestors can only be paid by us to our posterity, and I hope, when the full period of two hundred years shall have elapsed, as it will twelve months hence, that the old stone will be taken within this church and protected from further storms and frosts, and preserved as a sacred memento of a former age, and that a more enduring block of granite shall be placed upon that ancient grave, carrying forward the same legend to the generations that shall be born in centuries yet to come.

After Judge Fuller had spoken, the choir rendered an anthem, "From the third heaven where God resides" (*Ingalls*).

The following letter from the literary editor of the *Congregationalist* was then read: —

HOTEL TUDOR, NAHANT, MASS., Aug. 23, 1894.

REV. G. W. STEARNS:

My Dear Sir, — I find that it will be impossible for me to go to Middleboro next Monday. My two editorial associates are away, and I cannot be absent from the office, next week, before Wednesday.

I am greatly disappointed. I did not realize that your celebration was to occur so soon. I met Mr. Weston on Tuesday, and had the time thus recalled to mind, and since then have been trying to arrange some way in which to go. But it cannot be managed.

I hope that you will not be inconvenienced by my delay, so that the only annoyance may be my own.

Wishing you a most enjoyable occasion, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

MORTON DEXTER.

Also the following letter from Ex-Governor Long : —

5 Tremont Street, Boston, June 15, 1894.

My Dear Sir,— I wish very much I could attend the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the First Congregational Church in Middleboro. It would be an especially interesting occasion to me because my grandfather, Thomas Long, who moved to Maine in 1806, was for some years prior thereto an attendant at worship in that church. My father was then six years old. His surviving sister, my aunt, tells me that she vividly remembers the interest with which she often listened to her father and mother describing their former life and associations in Middleboro.

I fear I shall be out of the State in August, but if I am at home I shall bear your kind invitation in mind.

Very truly yours,

John D. Long.

The congregation then sang a hymn composed for the occasion to the tune, "America," and was dismissed with the benediction by Rev. C. W. Wood, and an organ postlude "Dona nobis" (*Mozart*).

A dinner was served in the chapel at six o'clock, and about four hundred friends accepted the invitation to partake, Mr. John M. Carter's Middleboro Band furnishing music.

The evening exercises of Monday opened with an organ prelude, "Triumphal March, Damascus," from the oratorio of "Naaman," by Costa; followed by an anthem "The Lord is great" (*J. B. Herbert*).

The President of the Day. — It is said that the prevailing sin of aged men is vanity. Perhaps an old church like ours is inclined to the same besetting sin. Yet, if ever that fault is pardonable, I am sure it is so in the case of a church which has so much reason as the First Church has to be proud of her three blooming daughters. I take pleasure in calling upon the pastor of the oldest of our daughters to speak to us, — Mr. Ellms, of Halifax.

ADDRESS OF REV. LOUIS ELLMS

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: In speaking a word in behalf of the oldest daughter of this venerable church, in whose spacious meeting-house we are now happily assembled, we are gratified to recal several facts. Of these the first is that you sent to us, in 1734, a number of remarkable men and women to furnish the beginning of our history. Among these original members was Ebenezer Fuller, grandson of your first pastor; other examples were Ebenezer Cobb, who lived to the advanced age of one hundred and eight years; and Thomas Thompson, whose father, John, was ancestor of all the thousands of Thompsons in this country.

It gives us pleasure to remember that your offspring was able to be of use to you. It is by no means forgotten that at a certain critical time in your early history you were helped and ably defended by Rev. John Cotton, who was the first pastor of the church in Halifax. It is well known, furthermore, that the lost records of this First Church for the period 1694 to 1708 were providentially restored to you, in 1826, by an ancient copy prepared by Ebenezer Fuller of Halifax, and possessed by his great-grandson.

Our record, we are glad to tell you, — and it is well preserved, — is, in its great facts, the same as that of the parent church. The church in Halifax has ever adhered to the great gospel principles on which it was originally established. It has, I believe, never failed of an honored evangelical ministry. And through the years it has always been blest in having a suitable place in which to worship God.

Representing, as I trust I do, those gathered for the Master in Halifax, most gladly and most heartily do I bring you greeting on this glorious day of yours.

The President of the Day. — Another daughter church is represented here to-night, the one youngest and nearest to us. In January, 1847, so our church records say, there was discussed a movement for "a colony church" at the "Four Corners," "in terms of caution and deep seriousness." In February a "small" meeting of eighteen brethren and seventeen sisters prayed over the matter, and chose a committee to consider the likelihood of permanent support for the proposed new church, and also the prospect of the subsequent sustaining of worship here in that event. You know the rest. The daughter was born in March, and the mother still lives, each rejoicing in the other's prosperity. Of this daughter, whose home has always been so near to the maternal nest, one might affectionately speak in the language of the brilliant Roman poet —

"O matre pulchra filia pulchrior!"

I am happy now to present the pastor of the Central Church in this town, Mr. Woodbridge.

ADDRESS OF REV. R. G. WOODBRIDGE

Mr. President and Friends: It is recorded that Dean Swift once preached a sermon on "Pride." He opened his sermon by saying, "There are four kinds of pride, my friends: pride of birth, pride of fortune, pride of beauty, and pride of intellect. I will speak to you of the first three; as for the fourth, I shall say nothing of that, there being no one among you who can possibly be accused of so reprehensible a fault." I think that if the good dean were present to-night he would add one other point to his sermon, and that, "pride of old age," and with all the wit and eloquence at his command he would seek to justify and commend it. Old people are proud of their years, and young people are proud of the aged, especially when their lives have been marked all along the way by usefulness and honor.

It was my good fortune to know an old mother in Israel who lived to be ninety-nine years of age. She was proud of her lineage, proud of her eventful history, proud of her attain-

ments, proud of the evidences of the Divine Hand and the Divine guidance through the years, proud that she was nearly one hundred years old. She lived with her children and with her grandchildren, and they too were justly proud of the good old mother. On days when special company was expected in the home, they did not hustle the old lady off to some back chamber, and keep her out of sight. But they drest her in her best silk dress, and put upon her her daintiest cap, and she was the hostess of that occasion, and the center of attention and attraction for all. It was an inspiration and a blessing to sit in the good old lady's presence and to hear her tell of the wondrous things God had done for her through the years.

And as I stand here to-night, dear friends, to represent the daughter of this grand old mother, "the First Congregational Church of Middleboro," I can say for her daughter, whose name is "Central," that we are justly proud of her fulness of years. We are proud of her godly history. We are proud of the manifestations of the Divine favor that have been hers all through the years. We are proud of being present to help celebrate this two hundredth anniversary.

We stand here to-night, dear friends, proud of our lineage. We come from good stock. It is the blood of a royal priesthood that runs in our veins. It is the blood of saints and martyrs, and the blessings wrought out by their heroism and sacrifices have become a part of our life, and the portion of our heritage. We are glad as a church that we can go back by so straight and direct a route to Plymouth Rock. We are proud of the Pilgrim faith; we are proud of the Pilgrim character; we are proud of the Pilgrim conscience; we are proud of the Pilgrim perseverance. It is because our mother possessed these virtues so richly that we, her daughter, have such an abundant life and prosperity in this, our day. The life you poured so generously into our veins, dear friends, in 1847, was pure, true, Christian. It was the quality of that life that shaped, strengthened, and sanctified ours, and for

which we are profoundly grateful. If the quality of the life of the twenty who founded this church, and the quality of the life of the thirty-three that you gave to us, had been less pure and less Christian, our life to-day would be less fruitful, and there would be less power in it, too, for the kingdom of God.

Daniel Webster was in the habit, as some of you remember, of taking his children once a year up into New Hampshire to show them an old log cabin that once stood mid New Hampshire wilds and New Hampshire snowdrifts, that they might remember, by gazing upon it, the debt that they owed to former generations. One day, as he stood before the old log cabin, he was moved in soul by the very thought of what he too owed his ancestors. He said, "When I forget their labors and their sacrifices, may my name be blotted out from the memory of mankind!" And so, loyally and lovingly would the Central Church keep in her mind the memory of the labor and the sacrifices that have brought to her not only life but continual prosperity.

We are justly proud, too, dear friends, of the fact that the Lord has written over the portals of this church in letters of light, so that the world may read, if it will, these words: "The Church of Jesus Christ." There are a great many people to-day who are looking for that Church as never before. They believe that the Lord Christ has but one Church in the world, and they want to find it, and to feel its influence. They do not care so much to-day about what material the church is built of, whether it is built of wood, or brick, or stone, or canvas. They do not care so much as to the form of worship that the church engages in, whether men kneel in prayer, or stand, as in the former days, or sit, in reverential mood. All that is a matter to them of small importance. Nor do they care, I think,—I honestly confess it, and rejoice in it,—whether the church is orthodox or heterodox; whether it was born yesterday, or the day before, goes back in unbroken succession to Wesley, or Luther, or Augustin, or Peter; whether it belongs to a denomination that is weak or to a denomination

that is strong. But what men do care for, as never before in the Church's history, is the Church that bears clearly and unmistakably upon it the name of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

We boast sometimes of our denominationalism. We write above our doors "Congregational," or "Baptist," or "Methodist," or "Episcopal," and these words have absolutely no power over the outside world to lead them to worship the Father. But when you can put up the name "Congregational" (as some of these changeable signs are put up on the street), so that as you look upon the word you read the name of the denomination, and then looking at it at another angle read, "Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," then we have put up a name that touches the outside world as well as those who believe, and that lifts them up into the image and the likeness of Jesus Christ. It is as Jesus himself promised, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." One of the hopeful signs of the times to me is that the people are crying out as never before, "None but Christ; no word but his word, no works but his works, no Church but his Church."

Now tell me, how are we going to distinguish, in this day and generation, the Church of Jesus Christ from the churches that are not Jesus Christ's? Shall we point to our pedigree, and say: "Behold! the church at the Green, Plymouth Rock, Leyden, Scrooby, Pentecost, Jesus Christ"? Behold the line in unbroken continuity! No, no! there is a better way than that. It is the way of this beloved church, the way of the Master. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Look back in the history of this church, and what do you see? A claim? You see the claim, and the confirmation of the claim. God has put his seal upon this church, and owned it as the Church of Jesus Christ. The Pentecostal blessings, dear friends, that have come to this church through these two centuries bind this company of redeemed souls to the company that waited in the upper room in the long ago, upon whose heads rested the tongues of flame, and bind them also to Christ, who said:

"Wait in Jerusalem for my blessing." Out from that room, you will remember, the noise went abroad into the city thereabout, until the multitude came to hear of the wonderful words and wonderful works of the Lord. And only last night we were reminded that out from this room the same sound went forth until those living sixteen miles away heard, and came here to learn of the river of life, and to drink from its refreshing stream, and to go home rejoicing in newness of life. It is these evidences of apostolic power, these evidences of the indwelling and abiding Christ, that stamp upon this church indelibly the name: "The Church of Jesus Christ." By its fruit this church, during the past centuries, has proved itself to be the Church of the Lord, bought by his blood, preserved by his power, filled by his spirit and life, and, blessed be God, still alive with his regenerating power.

There is a story of a Japanese magician who stood once before an amazed assembly, doing very wonderful things. He took a flower-pot; he filled it with earth; he put into the earth a seed; and then, before the eager eyes he began to fan the mold that contained the seed, and the earth was seen to break, and little leaves to appear. The little shoot grew and grew before the astonished spectators, until it became a bush, budded, blossomed, and the magician picked off the blossoms and gave them to those who were near to him. Skilful hands on the yesterday and to-day have been doing for us precisely what the Japanese magician did for his spectators. We have seen the earth, and the Divine seed planted in it, and the earth breaking, and God's seed growing, and the bush, and the bud, and the blossom, and the fruit, — the fruit, redeemed hosts, and mighty influences that still are in the world, pointing the way, even as John the Baptist pointed the way at the Jordan, to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

I would, dear friends, that we might focus our thought on that picture, and that we might carry home the one great truth that the picture emphasizes: this church and work are of the Lord God omnipotent.

Then I want to say, in the third place, that we are proud of the fact that, though two hundred years old, this church has not outlived its usefulness. There came once to a town a stranger, and he inquired carefully for the minister of the parish. The parsonage was pointed out, and the minister gave him audience, and he told his story in a few words. His mother was dead; she was born in that town, and the desire of her heart for many years had been that she might be taken home to her birthplace, and put with the friends of her childhood in the old cemetery. The kindly servant of the Lord expressed his sympathy for the sorrow that had come to this one at the loss of a mother, and the man, full-grown and independent of mother's care now, said: "Well, you see, it is no great loss to us; our mother was very old; she had been a burden to herself and to others for a great many years, and though we shall be sorry to say good-by to her, there is a great sense of relief now that it has come, for she had outlived her usefulness." And there are a great many who think just in that way about old people and old institutions. It may be, dear friends, that some of you, as you have listened to these grand things that have been said about the past and its glories, feel in regard to this church: "It is all in the past; this church, like that good mother, has "outlived her usefulness." I cannot think so. I want to say, with all the earnestness and thoughtfulness and deliberateness of which I am capable, that I believe that this church has still a great work to do; a work in the present as important, nay, more important, than any work that has been done in this community during the past two hundred years.

The conditions in which this church works have been materially changed through the years, but the need of its earnest and sanctified labors was never greater in the past than it is in the present. If this were the last service of a dead church, dear friends, we should need to go home with hearts heavy and sorrowful. Here is a great community about us, needing the light and the salvation of Jesus Christ, and needing it from this church as a center. Suppose the usefulness of this church

were all in the past. What would become of these scattered homes, one hundred and fifty or two hundred of them in the radius of this church, that need to-day the earnest and the sanctified ministry of the First Congregational Church of Middleboro?

I was thinking only just after supper that if there had been no church building here, nor organization, when the fathers were here, they had enough of pure and undefiled religion to have the church of God in their homes, where the church started in the beginning. But there are lots of families near this church who have no such godly heritage, and unless the light of this church shines out full and clear, and the love of these earnest, consecrated brethren here is continually exercised in their behalf, these must go down to death unknown of Christ and unloved of him.

During the past years, my friends, you have given largely of your life to make others strong. This you will undoubtedly do in the days to come, but you will not forget, though that kind of work is discouraging, that that too is God's work. But for the pure and consecrated life of the years gone by, the Central Church could not have been, and the church at Halifax could not have been, and the church in North Middleboro could not have been. And but for your pure and consecrated life in the present, other germs cannot develop, and other powers shall not go on working with the Father for the redemption of the world. We are proud because your usefulness is not all in the past, because opportunities for usefulness press upon you from every side. And we pray tonight, as those who owe you a great debt, that the same God who has been with you, guiding and blessing you, and making you useful in days past, will still be with you to guide and bless and make you useful in the days to come. May those who have received from you so richly and abundantly never be so wrapt up in themselves that they shall forget how great a debt they owe to the mother church. When we do forget the debt we owe to you, and others like you, may our name be blotted out from the memory of mankind.

The following letter from the pastor of a daughter church in North Middleboro was read: —

MANOMET, MASS., Aug. 24, 1894.

Dear Bro. Stearns, — I should be most happy to be with you on your interesting anniversary occasion, and I realize that I shall miss much in not being with you. . . . I am very sorry not to be. . . .

I trust that in every way your celebration may be successful. The grand old mother church has done a noble work in the past, and has still a mission in these stirring times at the close of this wonderful century, and in an age to come still more remarkable. I am sure that all the members of the daughter church at North Middleboro join me in sentiments of respect and fellowship, and in the hope that the church may be abundantly blest, and that you may be cheered and refreshed by the precious fruits that shall be gathered in the days to come. Though absent in person, my thoughts and prayers will be with you on the day of the celebration, and on many other days. May God bless you and abide with you all.

Yours in Christian love,
HERBERT K. JOB.

Mrs. G. A. Cox read some humorous descriptive verses.[1] An anthem by the choir was next rendered: "It is a good thing to give thanks" (*J. B. Herbert*).

Mr. L. F. Millet, Secretary of the Middleboro Young Men's Christian Association, was the next speaker. He made a brief address, uttering some kind words relative to the share which the First Church had taken in the interdenominational work that he represented. It is regretted that by accident no full report was made of this address.

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[1] See the Middleboro Gazette, September 7.

The President of the Day. — Many of you interested in Old Colony chronicles may recal that one of our earliest and honored members was Jonathan Cobb. I discover in this goodly congregation one of his descendants in the fifth generation from whom we should all greatly like to hear. Therefore, in your behalf, I take pleasure in asking Mr. Henry E. Cobb, of Boston, to address us.

ADDRESS OF MR. HENRY E. COBB

Mr. President: I have been thinking that if those grass-green graves in yonder burial-place should give up their tenants in all their life and strength, and they could come in here and sit in these seats, and hear the well-won eulogiums which we have pronounced upon them, the blush of conscious modesty would rise on their cheeks at once. They would raise their hands in deprecation of our estimate of their lives and work — these heroes, martyrs, saints!

They were but humble, God-fearing, earnest men. They came here to conquer this wilderness, to plant here the common school, and the church, and the state, with no understanding or idea beyond the one or two generations that were to come. They builded better than they knew.

The great Architect had a work for them in foundation-laying, and they laid their foundations in eternal verities. They laid those foundations broad and deep, building into them principles of right which should last throughout the ages. And now we, their children of the seventh generation, have builded upon those foundations. They were unconscious heroes, martyrs, saints. God has a work for each one of us to do, and we too may be heroes, martyrs, saints, just as we do in earnest purpose, with a God-fearing intent, whatever God places in our hands to do. And future generations may arise and call us blessed if we, with the same faithfulness, and earnestness, and devotion, and self-denial, do the duties that come to our hand.

These flowers may fade; the echoes of the eloquence and of the music of to-day and to-night will finally die away. The Church of the living God, planted by the forefathers, will then remain. Are you to be heroes, martyrs, saints? You can be as they were. Generations yet unborn may rise up and call you blessed.

The following letter was read from the president of Amherst College, who had been invited to speak in behalf of education.

BETHLEHEM, N. H., Aug. 22, 1894.

REV. G. W. STEARNS,

My Dear Sir, — It would give me great pleasure to be with you on the 27th were it possible, and to add to the many words of congratulation which the Middleboro Church will hear on that day, a word from Amherst College. But I am established with my family here in the mountains, and our plans for the next two weeks are such as to put it out of my power to be present on your two hundredth anniversary.

Who knows the Christians who have been the true "pillars of the church" during these two hundred years? The historian of the occasion will mention or refer to certain families and a few prominent men whom the world has looked upon as sustaining the church. But is it not altogether probable that, seen as God sees the record of our church history, it has been some silent, deep-souled, praying woman, poor perhaps as she who threw her all into the treasury while the Lord "sat over against" it, and told his people how great a gift were the two mites,— some one of God's own children who serve him and pray to him "in secret" even more than in public, who has been the real power prevailing with God and bringing blessings upon the church, in the years when the statistician and the historian have found the wealth and the influence of the church in far different personalities among its membership?

That your church may abound in those who have power in prayer with God, and in these coming years may, by its living works, reflect the glory of our Father in heaven more and more clearly, is my wish for you.

Yours very truly,

MERRILL E. GATES.

In the absence of the pastor of the Central Baptist Church of Middleboro, who was to speak in behalf of our sister denominations, the following telegram from him was read:

Woods Hole, Aug. 27.

Rev. G. W. Stearns:

Accept my sincerest congratulations. Read Psalm one hundred and twenty-six.

M. F. Johnson.

The congregation listened to a part of the Psalm referred to: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad," etc.

The exercises were then enlivened by some original and amusing stanzas which were read by Mr. William Pratt.

The President of the Day. — All blessings this side of Heaven must end. While our hearts are still stirred by the inspiring words that have been spoken to-day and yesterday, we are loth to give up our attempt, vain though we know it is —

"To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Ere we close these commemorative exercises, and go forth with our high hopes for coming days and years, let us enjoy one more address. The First Church of Middleboro, like Virginia, mother of presidents, forgets not her children even after they have left her side. I am glad to be able to call now upon one of our loyal sons, the last speaker of the evening, Mr. B. L. Boomer, of Brockton.

ADDRESS OF MR. B. L. BOOMER

Mr. President and Friends: The burden of my thought at this time is good Father Putnam — and what an overwhelming burden it is! Such a multitude of precious and delightful recollections of one we all loved so much, that I scarcely know where to begin; but justly taking precedence of all subsequent things, — he gave me my wife, and I may date the beginning of my acquaintance with him and his family from this event. "Come at two o'clock this afternoon, and I will be happy to serve you" went his neat little note in answer to my inquiry.

How well we remember all his quiet ways; never loud, never bustling, never in a hurry, yet never staying too long; never forgetting aught of spiritual or worldly matters pertaining to those he visited, — the crops, the weather, the horse, the boy, all had a place, — and after he had asked God's blessing upon the household and so spryly regained his chaise, we looked after him with a feeling that he had left a blessing and a benediction in the house.

Passing some quiet but fruitful years, we come to an important event, not only in his life, but in that of all who for so many long years had known Dr. Putnam only as minister, and as the occupant of the parsonage, where his stamp and

device and most gentle individuality gave to the place such an odor of quiet and welcome that we thought it never could be otherwise. But the change came, and with it commenced a much more intimate acquaintance between us. Some of you remember what a time, reaching over weeks, it consumed to tear up, pull out, make let go, and carry away so many things that for more than thirty years had been rooting themselves to the dear old place. I often have wondered how he so bravely endured the making of a new home; how interested he was in the arrangements and repairs, and the brightening up of the quite famous old house which seemed saved providentially for him. How carefully every old familiar book took its proper place in the stately parlor which was thenceforth to be his library and study, and in how surprisingly short time he adapted himself to the new surroundings.

During this settling in the new home I was, as a friend and neighbor, often with the family. I shall never forget how the heartiness of his blessing at the table affected me. With his face toward Heaven, his voice strong and clear, his simple grace seemed like a grand burst of praise and thanksgiving to God his Father.

Presently age and its infirmities laid a heavy hand upon him we loved so well, and in that quiet upper chamber the good man waited the summons of his Friend.

Among the most precious experiences of my life, I chiefly prize my many opportunities to be with him in the capacity of watcher, for there was much pleasantness between us. He had varying moods — sometimes quiet, silent, unnoticing, again smiling, happy, and jubilant; then, perhaps, waking from a restless sleep, he would be in great distress of mind. Once, in this condition at midnight, a great grief came upon him, resulting, as I supposed, from some unhappy train of thought he could not control. His agitation I quieted as I could; and holding fast my hands he told me that for hours he had been thinking over his past life, and had found himself overwhelmed with a feeling of his unworthiness, considering his long life

and abundant opportunities. I told him that One would be his judge who was full of mercy and compassion; who knew all the thoughts and intents of his heart, and that He would be much more merciful to him than he was to himself. Growing more calm, and taking some refreshment, he commenced the story of his college life, particularly the incident when, convinced of a privilege he believed was his right and that of his fellow-students at Cambridge, he with the rest had been suspended and the case referred to higher authorities; how he passed sleepless nights and days; with what anxiety he waited[1] the coming of the stage from Boston which was to bring either his vindication or his disgrace, and his thankfulness when acquitted by the Faculty and his action approved, which was to be in the nature of a precedent, contributing to the liberty of those coming after. In the depth of his trouble and anxiety, he said he read and read again the thirty-fourth Psalm, and it had become to him a great consolation; and many times during these still hours, with many others, I read it to him. A very notable bit of his early history he related. While in the office of his uncle, Judge Putnam, of Salem, there came into the harbor the ship having on board the first missionaries sent out by the American Board to any foreign land, in 1812. To meet these devoted people, and to bid them God-speed, many of the prominent people of all that region went on board the evening preceding the day of their sailing. A most powerful assurance of the presence and blessing of God was felt by all on board, and that evening was spent in fervent prayers, songs, and encouraging words, succeeded by tears and solemn farewells. The absolute self-sacrifice of that historic company, going they knew not where, but trusting to God alone to direct the way, so impressed the would-be "lawyer Putnam" that within twenty-four hours he decided to give up his studies with his uncle and prepare himself to be a minister of Christ — with what success let us fall back to his devoted and exem-

[1] At Hanover, N. H., having left Harvard for Dartmouth College at the end of Sophomore year. See the funeral sermon by Dr. H. M. Dexter.

plary life, and to a myriad of tender and precious memories for answer. The good man, the kind friend, the wise counselor, the genial companion, was carried by loving hands to a place appointed for all the living, and, as again and again we visit it, we feel that the remembrance of the good can never die.

In behalf of the church, at the close of Mr. Boomer's address, the pastor added a few words of appreciation of the large share of pleasure contributed by the many guests to the occasion, and was about to announce the closing hymn, when Rev. R. G. Woodbridge and Rev. N. T. Dyer proposed a resolution of thanks to the church for its hospitality. The audience kindly passed such a vote of thanks to their entertainers, after which all joined in the hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"

to the tune "Dennis," and the bicentennial commemorative exercises were closed with the benediction by the pastor, and the "Festival March" (*G. Blessner*) rendered on the organ.

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES

(*Continued from Church Book of* 1854)

1728–9	Revival; 42 added.
1829	Chapel erected.
1832	Parsonage built.
1851 Nov. 8	Bell.
1855	Meeting-house frescoed.
1866 Feb.	Rev. Rufus Morrill Sawyer came.
	Reed organ given by Abishai Miller.
1867	Revival; 92 added on confession of faith.
	Chapel remodeled.
1868 May 3	Dr. I. W. Putnam died, aged 81.
1869 Nov. 10	Mr. Sawyer dismissed.
Dec.	Rev. Ephraim Nelson Hidden came.
1872 Nov. 29	Mr. Sawyer died in LeMars, Iowa, aged 52.
1874 April	Mr. Hidden left.
Nov.	Rev. Theophilus Parsons Sawin came.
1877	Revival; 35 added.
1878 April	Rev. Nathan Tirrell Dyer came; ordained July 31.
	Steam heat in meeting-house.
1880 Nov. 28	Mr. Hidden died in E. Medway; aged 70.
1885 Dec. 1	Rev. Howard Alcott Hanaford came.
1886 Jan. 19	Mr. Sawin died in Medford, aged nearly 69.
1887	Pipe organ.
1888	Christian Endeavor Society organized.
1889 Feb.	Rev. Josiah Weare Kingsbury came.
1891 Nov. 1	Rev. George Warren Stearns came.
1892	Furnace in Parsonage.
1894	Grading and improvements around meeting-house.

PASTORS

No.	Name	Birthplace	Education	Time of Pastorate	Death	Age	No. in Catalog
1	Samuel Fuller	Plymouth		1694 Dec. 26 *a*	1695 Aug. 17	70	1
2	Thomas Palmer	Plymouth?		1702 May 2 *a* 1708 June 30 *d*	1743 June 17	77	21
3	Peter Thacher, Jr	Milton	Harvard 1706	1709 Nov. 2 *a*	1744 Apr. 22	55	35
4	Sylvanus Conant	Bridgewater	Harvard 1740	1745 Mar. 28 *a*	1777 Dec. 8	57	468
5	Joseph Barker	Branford, Ct.	Yale 1771	1781 Dec. 5 *a*	1815 July 25	63	545
6	Emerson Paine	Foxboro	Brown 1813	1816 Feb. 14 *a* 1822 July 4 *e*	1851 Apr. 26	65	791
7	William Eaton	Framingham	Williams 1810	1824 Mar. 10 *b* 1834 Mar. 3 *e*	1840 Apr. 15	56	886
8	Israel W. Putnam	Danvers	Dartmouth 1809	1835 Oct. 28 *b* 1865 *e*	1868 May 3	81	939
9	Rufus M. Sawyer	Otisfield, Me.	Bangor 1851	1866 May 23 *b* 1869 Apr. 1 *f*	1872 Nov. 29	52	1139
10	Ephraim N. Hidden	Tamworth, N. H.	Dartmouth 1836	1869 Sept. 3 *c* 1874 Apr. *g*	1880 Nov. 28	70	1262
11	Theophilus P. Sawin	Natick	With Parsons Cook	1874 Nov. 29 *c* 1878 *g*	1886 Jan. 19	68	1277
12	Nathan T. Dyer	Braintree	Dartmouth 1873	1878 July 31 *a* 1885 July 2 *e*			1320
13	Howard A. Hanaford	Nantucket	Tufts 1873	1885 Nov. 1 *c* 1888 July *e*			
14	Josiah W. Kingsbury	Underhill, Vt.	Dartmouth 1862	1889 Apr. 10 *b* 1891 Oct. 19 *f*			1375
15	George W. Stearns	Windham, Ct.	Amherst 1878	1891 Nov. 1 *c*			1387

a = ordained *b* = installed *c* = invited *d* = deposed *e* = resigned *f* = dismissed by council *g* = left

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES CONCERNING PASTORS

8 Rev. ISRAEL WARBURTON PUTNAM, D. D.

Born in Danvers, Mass. 1786 Nov. 24, son of Eleazer, and Sarah (Fuller). Studied at Franklin Academy, N. Andover; Harvard College 1805–7; Dartmouth College 1807–9. Read law two and a half years under Judge Samuel Putnam in Salem, Mass. Andover Theological Seminary 1812 April to 1814 Sept. Ordained 1815 North Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Married in 1815 Miss Harriet Osgood. She died in 1832. Children: Charles Israel, Samuel Osgood, Edward Warren, Francis Brown, Harriet Osgood, Horace Morse, William Fuller, Julia Maria, Lucy MacIntosh; of whom the second, fifth and ninth alone survive. Married in 1833 Mrs. Juliana Osgood (*née* Osgood, the widow of first wife's brother). Her children were: Samuel Warburton (born 1815 May 7, died Aug. 7, next child bearing the same name), Mary Augusta, Adeline Hamilton, Charles Edward, and Julia Henrietta who alone survives. Mrs. Juliana Putnam died 1871 Feb. 10.

Pastor of First Church, Middleboro, Mass. 1835 Oct. 28 to 1865. Degree of D.D. from Dartmouth College in 1853. Died 1868 May 3 in the house on Plymouth street now the home of Mr. Sylvanus Tinkham.

9 Rev. RUFUS MORRILL SAWYER

Born in Otisfield, Me. 1820 Sept. 1, son of Jeremiah, and Lydia (Morrill). Studied in Gorham and other academies. Graduated at Bangor Seminary 1851. Ordained pastor at Winthrop, Me. 1851; 1859 called to Great Falls, N. H.; 1860 York, Me.; 1866 First Church, Middleboro, Mass., moving to Iowa in 1869 to gain health. Preached in Iowa City, and Anamosa, and in July 1872 moved to LeMars. Having hardly recovered from typhoid fever, he died of consumption 1872

Nov. 29. He had married in 1851 Miss Sophia Blake of Otisfield. Children: Silas B., Julia, Clara, Susan, Charles L., William, and Lizzie; all living except second and sixth. Mrs. Sawyer died of pneumonia 1891 Nov. 21, aged 70.

10 Rev. EPHRAIM NELSON HIDDEN

Born in Tamworth, N. H. 1810 Aug. 28, son of Ephraim, and Dorothy (Remick). Student at Phillips Exeter Academy. Graduated at Dartmouth College 1836, and Gilmanton Theological Seminary 1840. Taught in Gilmanton Academy 1836–40. Married Mary Elizabeth Parsons of Gilmanton 1840 Aug. 28. Ordained in Deerfield, N. H. 1841; installed Milford 1849; First Church, Derry 1857; Candia 1859; Great Falls, Somersworth 1865; First Church, Middleboro, Mass. 1869; Edgartown 1874; Norfolk 1875. Residence in last years at Millis (formerly E. Medway), and died there suddenly with heart disease 1880 Nov. 28. Children: Fanny, and Emily P., neither surviving. Mrs. Hidden is living (1895) in Milford, N. H.

11 Rev. THEOPHILUS PARSONS SAWIN

Born in Natick, Mass. 1817 Feb. 4, son of Bela, and Becca (Barber). Student at Phillips Academy, Andover. Studied theology with Parsons Cook, D.D. in Lynn. Married Martha McIntyre Mason 1838 Jan. 1. Ordained 1843 in Saugus; installed 1850 at Harwich. City missionary, Manchester, N. H. 1851–6 and 1866–9. Pastor at Brookline, N. H. 1856–66; Revere, Mass. 1869; First Church, Middleboro, 1875 Jan.; Lyndeboro, N. H. 1878–85. Died in Medford, Mass. 1886 Jan. 19. Mrs. Sawin died in Bedford, Mass. 1895 March 8. Children: T. P. jr., James, Chapin, Lura S., William M.

12 Rev. NATHAN TIRRELL DYER

Born in Braintree, Mass. 1852 Jan. 1, son of Jacob S., and Ann Maria Thayer (Holbrook). Graduated at Lawrence Acad-

emy, Groton, 1869; Dartmouth College 1873; Andover Theological Seminary 1876. Four months' service in Swanton, Vt. interrupted by a year of illness. Three months in Orange, Mass.; First Church, Middleboro, 1878 July 31, resigning in July 1885. Sickness of two and a half years. Dighton 1887 Jan. 1; Medfield since 1890. Married Harriet Mann of Franklin 1878 June 4. Children: Cora Ethel, and Perley Bradford (died 1884 Sept. 20).

13 Rev. HOWARD ALCOTT HANAFORD

Born in Nantucket, Mass. 1851 Dec. 31, son of Dr. J. H., and Rev. Phebe A. (Coffin). Educated in public schools of Beverly and Reading; Dean Academy, Franklin; Antioch College, Ohio; graduated Tufts College Divinity School, Mass. 1873. Held acting pastorates as a Universalist 1873–8 in Shirley and Wellfleet; also Little Falls, N. Y. Congregational pastor since 1877 in Nantucket and Bedford, Mass. Came to Middleboro 1885 Dec. 1. Pastor in Winchester, N. H. since summer of 1888. Married Mary Weston Landerkin of Wellfleet 1874 Nov. 4. Children: Charles Leonard and Maria Mitchell.

14 Rev. JOSIAH WEARE KINGSBURY

Born in Underhill, Vt. 1838 Oct. 2, son of Rev. Samuel, and Mary (Babcock). Fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy. Graduated at Dartmouth College 1862; Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. 1865. U. S. Sanitary Commission 1865. Ordained, after preaching a year, at Queechee, Vt. 1866. Preached in N. Woodstock, Ct., Biddeford, Me., N. Reading, and Montague, Mass.; also Rye, N. H., W. Charleston (and Derby), Vt., Deerfield, N. H., Chichester (and Short Falls), N. H. First Church, Middleboro, Mass. 1889 April 10; dismissed 1891 Oct. 19. Residence Braintree. Married 1865 Oct. 2, Mary H. Jackson, of Tamworth, N. H. Children: William J., Joseph J., Samuel, George D., Mabel H., M. Lizzie, Noah J., Grace E.

15 Rev. GEORGE WARREN STEARNS

Born in Windham, Ct. 1856 Dec. 24, son of Rev. George I., and Amelia D. (Jones). Student Derby Academy, Hingham, Mass. and W. C. Wilkinson's school, Tarrytown, N. Y. Graduated Phillips Academy, Andover 1874; Amherst College 1878; Andover Theological Seminary 1881. Preached during summer of 1880 in Albany, Me. Acting pastor 1881–5 in Patten (and Island Falls), Me. Ordained Patten 1883. First Church, Hadley, Mass. 1885–7; Acton 1887–91; First Church, Middleboro since 1891 Nov. 1. Married Sarah Elizabeth Dow 1887 Oct. 21. Children: Roswel and Pauline.

ADDITIONAL NOTES OF PORTRAITS

JOSHUA EDDY (633 on church roll) was born 1748 May 5 in Middleboro. Served in American Army 1775–8, being a captain; after the war he engaged in iron-manufacturing, etc. Joined First Church 1797. Deacon from 1806. Married Lydia Paddock. Died 1833 May 1.

ZECHARIAH EDDY (718) was second son of the above named, being born 1780 Dec. 6 in Middleboro. Graduated at Brown University 1799. Married 1803 Sarah Edson. Admitted to the bar 1806, to the church 1808, and became an eminent lawyer. Died 1860 Feb. 14.

THOMAS WESTON (834) born 1770 Sept. 20, joined this church 1823. Married Abigail Doggett. Merchant, Judge of the Court of Sessions, and prominent in public life. Died 1834 June 17.

THOMAS WESTON (1066) grandson of the last named, was born in Middleboro 1834 June 14. Joined First Church 1853. Married Nellie S. Childs. Lawyer. Residence, Newton.

FRANCIS G. PRATT (1212) born in S. Malden (now Everett), Mass., 1850 Aug. 8. Business Manager of the "Youth's Companion." Summer residence, Middleboro. Died in Boston 1894 Mar. 19.

Thomas Weston

INDEX TO THE FOLLOWING CATALOG

ALDEN
1142 George L
1143 Marietta
1193 Phebe A Fuller
1194 Etta P Baldwin
ATWOOD
1176 Jacob
BAGNALL
1291 Clara A
BALDWIN
1194 Etta P Alden
BENNETT
1153 John
1240 Grover
BLISS
1158 Lucy S Bryant
BOOMER
1190 Benjamin L
1191 Rebecca C
BOURNE
1324 Lucy W Thomas
BOWMAN
1326 Mary C Wood
1360 Annie A Wood
1362 Abram L
BRADBURY
1389 Eleanor A
BRADFORD
1131 DeWitt C
1132 Lydia R
BRETT
1349 Irene B Pratt
BRYANT
1055 Mercy E
1145 Esther S
1154 Ira
1158 Lucy S Bliss
1164 Arad
1165 Betsy J
1166 Sarah E
1181 Susan E Freeman
1201 George F
1202 Isaac jr
1203 Irene
1242 Lorin
1243 Lois L
1244 Rebecca
1298 Roxana E Hagen
1314 Addie A Penniman
1331 Mary E
1336 Charles M
1337 Henry S
1338 Susan M
BUMP
1204 James S
1205 Huldah P
BURGESS
1246 Amanda Penniman
BUTLER
1319 Samuel S
CASWELL
1088 Azubah Hood
1090 Anna W Wood
CHASE
1196 Sarah E Tinkham
CLARK
1127 Helen E Williams
1363 Mabelle W
COBB
955 Jane E Eddy
1133 George E
1134 Martha
1198 Annie
1206 Heman
1207 Sarah B Smith
CODY
1395 Caroline F
COFFIN
1136 Sarah B
1339 Charles W
1340 Henrietta E
CONANT
1369 Fred A
CORNISH
1101 Angeline F Thompson
1110 Charles F
1111 Mary L
1163 Josiah T
1292 Alice H
1341 Herbert W
COX
1293 George Alton
1299 Clara A Hagen
CROSBY
1188 William H
1189 Maria A
1342 Eudora F Dempsey
CROSS
1365 Annie W Harwood
CUSHMAN
1128 Susan H Hambly
1129 Lucy A Thompson
1294 E Elizabeth Eddy
DARLING
857 Lauretta A Fuller
DEANE
987 Lois
1117 Nancy D
1318 Irene L Soule
1332 Lucy H
1333 Mary E
1343 Ella L
1344 Albert
1345 Florence
1397 George A
DEMPSEY
1342 Eudora F Crosby
DEXTER
1108 Mary F Wood
DRIGGS
1150 Leonard
1295 Deborah L
1296 Mary A
DRINKWATER
1270 Betsy
DUNHAM
1370 Lura L
DURFEE
1358 Lily H R A Thornton
DYER
1320 Rev Nathan T
1321 Harriet M
EDDY
955 Jane E Cobb
970 Ann E Pratt
988 Charlotte E
1160 Susan M Thomas
1161 William C
1162 Anna C
1208 Joshua M
1252 W Osgood
1273 Florence Jedermann
1294 E Elizabeth Cushman
ELLIS
1225 Abby L Vaughan
1359 Rhoda S Waterman
FESSENDEN
1378 William P
1379 Sabina E
1386 Edward W
1400 Laura J
FREEMAN
972 Jane Tinkham
1118 Harriet
1177 Morton
1178 Benjamin
1179 Nancy C
1180 Angeline E Howard
1181 Susan E Bryant
1182 Samuel

1183 Anna B
1184 Henrietta
1185 Andrew
1315 Matilda R Simmons

FULLER
857 Lauretta A Darling
1193 Phebe A Alden
1197 Lucy T
1269 Mary H

GIFFORD
1241 Elizabeth H Haskins

GISBY
1093 Olive E
1112 Deborah
1272 Edward T

GRAY
1126 Ellen W Thompson

GURNEY
1229 Charlotte H

HAGEN
1230 Desire R
1237 Harriet S Kendall
1297 Mary F Smith
1298 Roxana E Bryant
1299 Clara A Cox

HAMBLY
1128 Susan H Cushman

HARLOW
1346 Reuben
1364 Betsy

HARWOOD
1365 Annie W Cross

HASKELL
1300 John T

HASKINS
1155 Job R
1241 Elizabeth H Gifford

HATHAWAY
1283 Ephraim
1284 Isabella P

HIDDEN
1262 Rev Ephraim N
1263 Mary E
1264 Emily P

HIGGINS
1116 Mary Weston

HOWARD
1180 Angelline E Freeman
1235 Asaph E

INGALLS
1220 Elizabeth A Savery

JEDERMANN
1273 Florence Eddy

KENDALL
1237 Harriet S Hagen

KINGSBURY
1375 Rev Josiah W
1376 Mary H
1377 William J
1380 Mabel H

LEACH
1209 Jephthah
1210 Giles
1245 Anna E

LITTLEJOHN
1148 Orsamus
1238 Eliza
1259 Elizabeth J
1398 Ira O
1399 Dorcas S

MCALLISTER
1119 Amanda

MCCRILLIS
1199 John
1200 Sarah A
1211 Mary E
1274 Herbert O
1348 Walter C

MCMANN
1322 John E

MALLOY
1347 William F

MORRIS
1095 Betsy L Pratt

MORSE
1281 Lucy A
1301 Augusta W
1302 John P
1303 Fidelia J
1304 Lucy F

MOULTON
1249 Lydia A Raymond

NICHOLS
974 Lucia M
1109 Lydia A Tinkham
1167 James G
1168 Susan M Thompson
1381 Ethel G
1391 Frank A
1392 Mima W

OSGOOD
1113 Julia H

PALMER
1312 Susan Louise Thomas

PARLOW
1109 Lydia A Nichols

PEASE
1214 Clara

PENNIMAN
1130 Virtue M
1231 Prince
1246 Amanda Burgess
1314 Addie A Bryant
1373 Arabella

PHILLIPS
1109 Lydia A Tinkham

PHINNEY
1366 Mary W

PLACE
1261 George H

PRATT
970 Ann E Eddy
988 Charlotte E Eddy
1095 Betsy L Morris
1120 Rev Francis G
1149 Simeon M
1212 Francis G jr
1213 George W
1349 Irene B Brett
1350 Irene S

PUTNAM
1086 Lucy M Thompson

RAYMOND
1247 Jerusha
1248 Alexander
1249 Lydia A Moulton
1323 Samuel D
1335 Frederic R

REYNOLDS
1151 Louise L Weston

RYAN
1367 Mary

RYDER
1384 Annie J

SAMPSON
1265 Thomas W

SAVERY
1084 Rhoda J
1218 Albert Allen
1219 Elizabeth T
1220 Elizabeth A Ingalls
1239 Everett W
1267 Albert T
1268 Maria S
1305 Luther W

SAWIN
1277 Rev Theophilus P
1278 Martha M
1279 Lura S
1280 William M

SAWYER
1139 Rev Rufus M
1140 Sophia B

SCANLIN
1286 John
1287 Betsy B

SHAW
1095 Betsy L Morris
1124 Eliza P Thompson
1215 Ebenezer A
1216 Sarah M
1217 Relief
1236 Deborah C
1271 Sarah E

1307 B Jennie Shurtleff
1351 Charles A
1368 Betsy S
SHURTLEFF
1257 Lydia B Vaughan
1288 Elizabeth H
1306 Benjamin C
1307 B Jennie Shaw
1308 Cynthia A
SIMMONS
1315 Matilda R Freeman
SMITH
1144 Mary A
1207 Sarah B Cobb
1232 James
1233 Mercy T
1297 Mary F Hagen
1316 Jabez F
1352 Albert W
SNOW
1114 Olive
1253 Venus
SOULE
1135 Elizabeth B
1137 Augustus H
1138 Amanda
1152 Otis
1195 Caroline E
1317 Mary H
1318 Irene L Deane
SPARROW
1186 James P
1187 Persis L
1353 Emma J
1354 Sarah F C
1355 Sarah L Washburn
STEARNS
1387 Rev George W
1388 Sarah E
SWIFT
1221 John L
THATCHER
1275 Clarinda
THOMAS
960 Mary A Wrightington
1074 Clarissa J
1160 Susan M Eddy
1224 Albert
1309 Augustus L
1310 Theodosia
1311 John B
1312 Susan L Palmer
1324 Lucy W Bourne
1371 Sarah A
1372 Annie S
1390 Lewis R
THOMPSON
1085 Franklin S
1096 Ivory H
1097 Jernsha B
1098 Ivory B
1099 Philander
1100 Eliza G
1101 Angeline F Cornish
1102 Mary E
1103 Philander W
1104 Charles L
1105 Ann E
1106 Alfred W
1123 Ruel Francis
1124 Eliza P Shaw
1125 Lucia A Washburn
1126 Ellen W Gray
1129 Lucy A Cushman
1156 Edward
1159 Mary Abby
1168 Susan M Nichols
1169 Ruel
1170 Leroy
1171 R Ella S Wood
1172 S Evelyn
1173 David W
1174 Mandana A
1175 Weltha Emma
1222 Lewis H
1223 Mary H
1266 Marcus M
1356 Cora F
1357 Leslie I
THORNTON
1358 Lily H R A Durfee
THURSTON
1087 Francis T
1258 Marcia E
1374 Jason F
TILSON
1119 Amanda
TINKHAM
972 Jane Freeman
1109 Lydia A Phillips
1196 Sarah E Chase
1382 Rachel May
1393 E Elvira
VAUGHAN
1192 William H
1225 Abby L Ellis
1256 Harrison W
1257 Lydia B S
1328 Lucy J Wrightington
WARREN
1147 John M
1157 Polly L
1396 Jane W
WASHBURN
1125 Lucia A Thompson
1313 Emma B
1355 Sarah L Sparrow
WATERMAN
1359 Rhoda S Ellis
WESTON
1116 Mary Higgins
1151 Louise L Reynolds
1260 Laura M
1289 Marcia
WILBUR
1018 Perry A
1141 Emeline
1226 Lucretia E Wood
1254 Horatio N
1255 Mary A
1385 George H
WILLIAMS
1127 Helen E Clark
1276 Sara S
WILLIS
1115 Mary J
WOOD
1003 Mercy L
1089 Willard
1090 Anna W
1091 Warren
1092 Julia M
1107 Pauline T
1108 Mary F Dexter
1121 William W
1122 Maria A
1146 Louisa E
1171 R Ella S Thompson
1226 Lucretia E Wilbur
1227 Albert J
1228 Eliab
1234 Benjamin F
1235 Louisa
1250 John F
1251 Maria L
1282 Anna S
1325 Edgar W
1326 Mary C Bowman
1327 Horace F
1360 Annie A Bowman
1383 Nellie F
1394 Florence J E
WRIGHT
1290 W Scott
1330 Kate L
1334 Mercy M
WRIGHTINGTON
960 Mary Ann Thomas
1094 Henry
1328 Lucy J Vaughan
1329 Charles G
1361 Soranus G
1401 Roxanna C

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH MIDDLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from the Church Book published in 1854)

EXPLANATORY NOTE

The names are numbered at the left chronologically in the order of joining. Dates are generally expressed by number of year, month and day.

Figures in parenthesis following a name indicate husband or wife.

Other figures denote kindred; thus "fa 964" appended to a person's name would mean that his father's name is numbered 964.

Besides abbreviations of obvious meaning the following are here used: —

ad	= adopted	gr	= grand, or great
ae	aetatis, or age	h	husband
br	brother	m	married
CCC	Central Cong'l church	mo	mother
ch	church	o	original or maiden name
d	died	re-adm	re-admitted
dea	deacon	s	son, or son of
dau	daughter	sis	sister
dis	dismissed	sus	suspended
fa	father	w	wife of
fr	from	wid	widow of

The labor of preparing this list of names from number 1085 to 1281 was largely done by the late deacon Alfred Wood.

The first thirteen names following, being those of present or recent members, are repeated from the volume of 1854.

1823

857 No 23 Lauretta Ann (Fuller) Darling (848) grmo 647, d '95 1 5 ae 85

1838

955 Se 2 Jane E. (Eddy) Cobb, re-adm '61, see below

960 " Mary A. (Thomas) Wrightington (1361) mo 921, d '95 5 25 ae 74

1840

970 Se 6 Ann E. (Eddy) Pratt, re-adm '75

972 " Jane (Freeman) Tinkham (997) grmo 856, mo 1061, sis 1055, 1056

974 Lucia Maria Nichols (1167) dau Lemuel Cole, grfa 665

1841

987 Ja 4 Lois Deane, fa 964, mo 986

988 " Charlotte E. (Eddy) Pratt, re-adm '62

1003 Mh 7 Mercy Lewis Wood, dau Eliab, mo 768, grfa 747, br 1228, sis 1235

1842

1018 Je 26 Perry A. Wilbur, re-adm '66

1851

1055 Ja 5 Mercy Eddy Bryant (1154) mo 1061, sis 972, 1056, 1130, grmo 856, grgrmo 486, grgrgrmo 127

1853

1074 My 1 Clarissa Jane Thomas, mo 1073, br 957, 1390

1084 No 6 Rhoda J. Savery, w George S. [his fa 667, grmo 555] dau Asaph Churchill, niece 1359, grfa 720

1857

1085 My 3 Franklin Southworth Thompson (1086) fa 994, sis 1275

1086 " Lucy MacIntosh (Putnam) Thompson (1085) fa 939

1087 " Francis Thomas Thurston (1258) s of Thomas, s 1374, dis M. E. ch. '72 1 5, re-adm '78 9 1

1088 " Azubah H. Caswell, fr Bridgewater, dau James Hooper, wid Zephaniah, d '64 5 10 ae 80

1089 " Willard Wood (1090) fr Bridgewater, s of Rufus, s 1091, d '87 4 2 ae 84

1090 " Anna W. Wood (1089) fr Bridgewater, dau Geo. Chipman, 1st h Caswell, d '75 2 23 ae 73

1091 " Warren Wood (1092) fr Bridgewater, fa 1089, s 1325, dau 1326, d '92 11 12 ae 57

1092 " Julia M. Wood (1091) fr Bridgewater, dau Salmon Caswell, mo 1065

1093 Oc 1 Olive E. Gisby, w Thos. jr., dau Jonathan Morse, s 1272, d '71 9 27 ae 48

1858

1094 Ja 3 Henry Wrightington, s of David, dis N. Carver '70 11 4

1095 " Betsy L. (Pratt) Morris, fa 1149, 1st h O. Shaw, 2d E. G. Morris, dis Abington '69 2 12

1096 No 7 Ivory H. Thompson (1097) fa 705, d '87 11 3 ae 79
1097 " Jerusha B. Thompson (1096) grmo 643, br 1186, d '88 1 3 ae 73
1098 " Ivory B. Thompson, fa 1096, d '66 8 10 ae 29
1099 " Philander Thompson (1100) s of Thomas, mo 655, dau 1101, 1102, 1105, 1126, 1175, s 1103, 1104, d '77 8 9 ae 76
1100 " Eliza G. Thompson (1099) dau Martin Giles, d '93 9 24 ae 80
1101 " Angeline F. (Thompson) Cornish (1110) fa 1099
1102 " Mary Elizabeth Thompson, fa 1099
1103 " Philander Williams Thompson (1129) fa 1099, s 1357, d '92 1 26 ae 51
1104 " Charles L. Thompson, fa 1099, dis Cawker City, Kan. '80 2 29
1105 " Ann E Thompson (1106) fa 1099, dis CCC '83 2 18
1106 " Alfred W. Thompson (1105) fa 1169, dis CCC '83 2 18
1107 " Pauline T. Wood, mo 1020, sis 1108, br 1227, dis Malden '93
1108 " Mary F. (Wood) Dexter, w Geo., mo 1020, sis 1107, br 1227, dis Mattapoisett '80 9 3
1109 " Lydia Ann (Tinkham) Phillips, w James, dau Alvah Tinkham, sis 1196, 1st h Chas Parlow, 2d Asa Nichols
1110 " Charles F. Cornish (1101) fa 1163
1111 " Mary Louisa Cornish, fa 1163

1859

1112 Mh 6 Deborah Gisby, fa 773, d '94 8 6 in Brockton
1113 " Julia Henrietta Osgood, mo 941
1114 No 6 Olive Snow (1253) fa 802, sis 1083, 1115, o Willis, d '84 11 12 ae 64
1115 " Mary J. Willis, fa 802, sis 1083, 1114, d '88 11 28 ae 56
1116 " Mary (Weston) Higgins, fa 839, w Jesse T. of Wellfleet, dis CCC '93 10 22
1117 " Nancy D. Deane fr Raynham, w Seth, o Hall, dau 1343, d '91 10 29 ae 69

1861

1118 Ap 28 Harriet Freeman (1177) br 1231, dis Hudson '92 11 20
(955) Jl 7 Jane Ellen (Eddy) Cobb, wid Timothy, fr Central ch, Fall River, fa 944, dis CCC '75 6 27, d '95 2 3 ae 87
1119 No 3 Amanda Tilson, w Ichabod, o Jones, 1st h McAllister, d '66 4 4 ae 64

1862

1120 My 4 Rev. Francis Greenleaf Pratt (988) s of Greenleaf, fr Malden, s 1212, 1213, d '91 8 17 ae 70
(988) " Charlotte Elizabeth (Eddy) Pratt (1120) fr Malden, fa 718
1121 No 2 William Wirt Wood (1282) fa 1234, br 1327, dis Stoughton '64 2 28, m '65, re-adm '77

1863

1122 Ja 4 Maria A. Wood, dau Joshua, grgrmo 697, d '66 8 9 ae 23
1123 " *Ruel Francis Thompson* (1124) fa 1169, dau 1356, dea '92
1124 " Eliza P. (Shaw) Thompson (1123) dau Ira, grgrfa 807
1125 " Lucia A. (Thompson) Washburn, fa 1169, m '74 A. R. of Freetown, dis Central ch. Fall River '82 12 10
1126 " Ellen W. (Thompson) Gray, fa 1099, m '67 Amasa, jr., dis Somerset '70 6 19
1127 " Helen Elizabeth (Williams) Clark, w D. Seely of N. Y., mo 991, sis 1276, dau 1363, dis Presb. ch. Elizabeth, N. J. '70 1 28
1128 " Susan H. (Cushman) Hambly, dau Samuel, sis 1129, 1294, m John B. '70, dis Episc. ch. Portsmouth, R. I. '77 3 2
1129 " Lucy Ann (Cushman) Thompson (1103) sis 1128, 1294, s 1357
1130 " Virtue M. Penniman (1231) mo 1061, o Freeman, dau 1373

1864

1131 Jl 3 De Witt C. Bradford (1132) s of Luther, sis 1350, dis Rockland '80 9 3
1132 " Lydia R. Bradford (1131) fa 978 (Isaac Soule of Halifax) dis Rockland '90 10 5
1133 Au 14 George E. Cobb (1134) fa 1206, d '68 7 11 ae 35
1134 " Martha Cobb (1133) fr Raynham, dau Dr. Elisha Hayward, d '71 11 2 ae 36

1865

1135 My 7 Elizabeth B. Soule (866) wid James, dau Isaac Brown, fr 2d ch. Abington, dis CCC '66 9, d '95 1 11 in Brockton
1136 " Sarah B. Coffin, w Samuel C., dau George W. Nye, fr Nantucket, s 1339, d '91 6 29 ae 69
1137 Oc 29 *Augustus Hamilton Soule* (1138) fa 1152, dau 1317, 1318, dea '78
1138 " Amanda Soule (1137) dau William Sears of Halifax

1866

1139 Se 2 Rev. RUFUS M. SAWYER (1140) fr York, Me., dis Iowa City '70 1 7, d LeMars, Ia. '72 11 29 ae 52
1140 " Sophia B. Sawyer (1139) fr York, Me., o Blake, dis Iowa City '70 1 7, d '91 11 21 in Dakota, ae 70
(1018) " Perry A. Wilbur (1141 2d w) fr Presb. ch. Newcastle, Pa.
1141 " Emeline Wilbur (1018) dau Thomas Wilder, fr Presb. ch. Newcastle, Pa.
1142 No 5 George L. Alden (1143) fr Bap. ch. Lyme, N. H. dau 1193, 1194, dis Kidder, Mo. '69 8 22
1143 " Marietta Alden (1142) dau Joseph Bump, dis Kidder, Mo. '69 8 22
1144 " Mary Ann Smith, wid Darius, dau James M. Ashton

1145 No 5 Esther S. Bryant, dau Isaac, br 1202
1146 " Louisa Elizabeth Wood, fa 1234

1867

1147 Ja 6 John Milton Warren (1157) fa 696
1148 " Orsamus Littlejohn (1062, 1238) s of Wm., mo 805, dau 1259, s 1398, d '86 10 17 ae 82
1149 " Simeon M. Pratt (1350 2d w) fa 772, dau 1349, d '88 2 19 ae 82
1150 " *Leonard Driggs*, dau 1295, 1296, dea '72, d '85 1 24 ae 69
1151 " Louise L. (Weston) Reynolds, dau Dura, grfa 918, sis 1258, 1301, m Dexter of Stoughton, d '74 7 30 ae 27
1152 Mh 3 Otis Soule (952) fa 664, s 1137, dau 1195, d '71 8 13 ae 72
1153 " John Bennett, s of Thomas, neph 1240, d '92 10 5 ae 83
1154 " Ira Bryant (1055) s of Ezekiel, s 1201, 1336, dau 1158, 1360
1155 " Job R. Haskins (973) ad dau 1241
1156 " Edward Thompson (1027) s of Francis, d '73 4 14 ae 62
1157 " Polly L. Warren (1147) dau Ezra Wood
1158 " Lucy S. (Bryant) Bliss, fa 1154, m Oscar
1159 " Mary Abby Thompson (996) fr M. E. ch. N. Bedford, dau Moses Carr, step-ch 1173, 1174, d '93 5 14 ae 64
1160 My 5 Susan M. (Eddy) Thomas (1390) dau Wm. S., sis 1009, d '89 9 4 ae 59
1161 " William Cady Eddy (942) s of Wm. S., sis 1160, s 1252, dau 1162
1162 " Anna C. Eddy, fa 1161, dis Presb. ch. E. Orange, N. J. '80 11 7
1163 " Josiah T. Cornish (1056) s of Wm., grfa 593, s 1110, dau 1111, d '82 8 3 ae 69
1164 " Arad Bryant (1165) s of Levi, br 1242, sis 1244, ad dau 1166
1165 " Betsy J. Bryant (1164) dau Ruel Simmons, d '92 7 8 ae 75
1166 " Sarah Ella Bryant, ad dau of 1164, d '85 7 29 ae 32
1167 " James Gilbert Nichols (974) s of Gilbert, dau 1168, d '92 11 11 ae 79
1168 " Susan M. (Nichols) Thompson (1266) fa 1167, d '82 6 20 ae 40
1169 " Ruel Thompson (1007) fa 705, s 1106, 1123, 1170, dau 1125, 1171, 1172, d '78 9 3 ae 71
1170 " Leroy Thompson, fa 1169
1171 " Rhoda Ella S. (Thompson) Wood (1227) fa 1169
1172 " Sarah Evelyn Thompson, fa 1169
1173 " David W. Thompson, fa 996, step-mo 1159, sis 1174
1174 " Mandana A. Thompson, fa 996, step-mo 1159, br 1173
1175 " Weltha Emma Thompson, fa 1099
1176 " Jacob Atwood (1004) fa 840, d '92 1 25 ae 83
1177 " Morton Freeman (1118) mo 1061, dau 1251, s of Josiah, d '88 3 24 ae 80

1178 My 5 Benjamin Freeman (1179) mo 1061, dau 1180, 1181
1179 " Nancy C. Freeman (1178) fa 1050, o Fuller, sis 1189
1180 " Angeline Ella (Freeman) Howard (1285) fa 1178
1181 " Susan E. (Freeman) Bryant, w Walter T., fa 1178
1182 " Samuel Freeman (1183) mo 1061, dau 1184
1183 " Anna B. Freeman (1182) dau of S. Tinkham, sis 1197, d '91 5 20 ae 75
1184 " Henrietta Freeman, fa 1182
1185 " Andrew Freeman (1315) fa 1182
1186 " James P. Sparrow (1187) s of James, grmo 643, sis 1097, dau 1355, d '85 7 5 ae 60
1187 " Persis Lavinia Sparrow (1186) dau of S. Smith, d '92 2 17 ae 67
1188 " William H. Crosby (1189) s of Nathan, dau 1342
1189 " Maria A. Crosby (1188) fa 1050, o Fuller, step-mo 1269, sis 1179
1190 " Benjamin Loring Boomer (1191) dis South ch. Brockton '89 4 11
1191 " Rebecca Churchill Boomer (1190) o Waterman, sis 1270, dis Brockton '89 4 11
1192 " William H. Vaughan (1083) s of Cushman, dau 1225, d '85 6 9 ae 67
1193 " Phebe Ann (Alden) Fuller, fa 1142, dis Kidder, Mo. '69 8 22, m '72 Albert H. [his grfa 1050] of Brockton
1194 " Etta Paulina (Alden) Baldwin, fa 1142, dis Kidder, Mo. '69 8 22, m '71 W. W. of Mo.
1195 " Caroline E. Soule, fa 1152
1196 " Sarah E. (Tinkham) Chase, dau of Alvah, w John, sis 1109, d '75 9 1 ae 25
1197 " Lucy T. Fuller, sis 1183, wid Amos S.
1198 " Annie Cobb, mo 955, sis 1207, dis CCC with mo '75 6 27
1199 Je 21 John McCrillis (1200) fr Grafton, dau 1211, s 1274, 1348, d '94 12 28 ae 84
1200 " Sarah A. McCrillis (1199) dau Asa Coggeshall, d '88 9 3 ae 69
1201 Jl 7 George F. Bryant (1331, 1298) fa 1154
1202 " Isaac Bryant, jr. (1203) sis 1145, d '94 7 5 ae 65
1203 " Irene Bryant (1202) dau Henry L. Thomas
1204 " James S. Bump (1205) s of James, d '80 7 14 ae 73
1205 " Huldah P. Bump (1204) dau Benj. Warren, d '95 6 16 ae 84
1206 " Heman Cobb (847) s of Heman of Plymouth, d '68 12 27 ae 64
1207 " Sarah B. (Cobb) Smith, m Earle, mo 955, sis 1198, dis CCC '77 5 4

1208 Jl 7 Joshua M. Eddy (1068) fa 944, dau 1273, d '86 3 17 ae 62
1209 " Jephthah Leach, s of Benj. of Bridgewater, d '68 8 25 ae 88
1210 " Giles Leach, fa 1048, dis Raynham '77 12 9
1211 " Mary E. McCrillis, fa 1199
1212 " Francis G. Pratt, jr., fa 1120, dis Berkeley Temple, Boston, '87 11 27
1213 " George W. Pratt, fa 1120
1214 " Clara Pease, dau of Joseph, dis Bap. ch. '77 6 30
1215 " Ebenezer A. Shaw (1216, 1368) mo 1217, d '94 11 20 ae 54
1216 " Sarah M. Shaw (1215) dau Harrison Shaw, of Carver, sis 1313, d '78 6 30 ae 38
1217 " Relief Shaw, s 1215, w Ebenezer C., dau Benj. Shaw, d '86 11 9 ae 85
1218 " Albert Allen Savery (1219) fa 1063, dau 1220, dis CCC '77 5 4
1219 " Elizabeth Thomas Savery (1218) dau James Shurtleff, dis CCC '77 5 4
1220 " Elizabeth A. (Savery) Ingalls, w Charles F., fa 1218, dis CCC '77 5 4
1221 " John L. Swift, s of Henry, grmo 786
1222 " Lewis Henry Thompson (1223) s of Lewis, br 1266
1223 " Mary W. Thompson (1222) step-fa 1254, mo 1255
1224 " Albert Thomas (961) mo 1017, d '87 4 4 ae 82
1225 " Abby L. (Vaughan) Ellis, w Isaiah R., fa 1192, dis CCC '90 12 28
1226 " Lucretia E. (Wilbur) Wood (1327) m '70, fa 1254, mo 1255, dau 1383, dis Eliot ch. Newton '75 10 16, re-adm '78
1227 " *Albert J. Wood* (1171) mo 1020, sis 1107, 1108, dea '85
1228 " Eliab Wood, jr. (1005) mo 768, s 1250, sis 1003, 1235, dis Northboro '75 12 19
1229 Au 30 Charlotte H. Gurney, w Elbridge, sis 1254, d '68 2 4 ae 27
1230 Se 20 Desire R. Hagen, fr F. W. Bap. ch. Boston, w Charles, dau of Converse Reed, dau 1297, 1298, 1299, step-dau 1237
1231 Oc 6 Prince Penniman (1130) s of Prince, sis 1118, dau 1246, 1314, 1366, 1373, d '82 8 20 ae 78
1232 " James Smith (1233) s of Timothy, s 1352
1233 " Mercy T. Smith (1232) dau Ebenezer Colwell, sis 966
1234 " Benjamin F. Wood (1235) s of Alfred, s 1121, 1327, dau 1146, d '79 5 12 ae 75
1235 " Louisa Wood (1234) dau of Eliab, br 1228, d '79 4 29 ae 69
1236 " Deborah C. Shaw, dau of Elijah, d '81 6 2 ae 48
1237 " Harriet S. (Hagen) Kendall, m Horace '88, step-mo 1230, dis Piedmont ch. Worcester, '79 1 31
1238 No 2 Eliza S. Littlejohn (1148) fr M. E. ch., wid Lewis Holmes, dau David Hathaway, d '90 6 21 ae 74

1239 No 2 Everett William Savery, mo 1064
1240 " Grover Bennett, s of Jacob, unc 1153
1241 De 1 Elizabeth H (Haskins) Gifford, 1st h Francis, 2d h ad dau of 1155, o
1242 " Lorin Bryant (1243) s of Levi, br 1164, sis 1244, d '83 4 26 ae 78
1243 " Lois L. Bryant (1242) dau Saml. Fuller of Livermore, Me.
1244 " Rebecca Bryant, br 1164, 1242, d '86 5 18 ae 83
1245 " Anna E. Leach, fa 1048, dis Bridgewater '77 12 9
1246 " Amanda (Penniman) Burgess, fa 1231, w Robert
1247 " Jerusha Raymond, w Ellis, o Clark, s 1248, dau 1249, d
1248 " Alexander Raymond, mo 1247, drowned in Attleboro
1249 " Lydia A. (Raymond) Moulton, mo 1247, w Royal, dis Abington '74 5 2, d

1868

1250 Ja 5 John F. Wood (1251) fa 1228, dis Northboro '75 12 19
1251 " Maria L. Wood (1250) fa 1177, dis Northboro '75 12 19
1252 " Warburton Osgood Eddy (1294) fa 1161
1253 " Venus Snow (1114) s of Aaron, d '93 2 10 ae 77
1254 " Horatio Nelson Wilbur (1255 2d w) s Marshall, dau 1226, 1392, s 1385
1255 " Mary A. Wilbur (1254 2d h) dau John Morse, 1st h Cephas Holmes, dau 1223, 1226, 1392, s 1385
1256 " Harrison W. Vaughan (1257 3d w) s of Ebenezer, d '80 7 11 ae 66
1257 " Lydia B. Vaughan (1256) dau Benj. Thomas, 1st h Wm. Shurtleff
1258 " Marcia Ellen Thurston (1087) dau Dura Weston, grfa 918, sis 1151, 1301, dis M. E. ch. '72 1 5, re-adm '78 9 1
1259 " Elizabeth J. Littlejohn, fa 1148, mo 1062
1260 Au 21 Laura M. Weston, w Robert, dau of Geo. Thomas, d '68 9 26, ae 23
1261 No 1 George H. Place, s of Richard, dis N. Rochester '80 2 1

1870

1262 Mh 4 Rev. EPHRAIM N. HIDDEN (1263) dau 1264, fr Great Falls, N. H., dis E. Medway '74 11 13
1263 " Mary Elizabeth Hidden (1262) fr Gt. Falls, N. H., dau Josiah Parsons, dis E. Medway '74 11 13
1264 " Emily P. Hidden, fa 1262, fr Gt. Falls, N. H., dis E. Medway '74 11 13, d '82 in Chester, N. H.
1265 " Thomas W. Sampson, s of Ichabod, dis Braintree '71 4 16
1266 " Marcus M. Thompson (1168) br 1222, dis M. E. ch. Campello '84 8 24
1267 " Albert T. Savery (1268) s of Peregrine

1268 Mh 4 Maria S. Savery (1267) dau of James Waterman
1269 Ap 29 Mary H. Fuller (1050 2d w) sis 995, step-dau 1189, dau Seth Southworth, fr CCC, d '78 12 21 ae 71

1871

1270 Jl 2 Betsy Drinkwater, sis 1191, o Waterman, w Isaac W., dis Campello '86 3 5
1271 No 3 Sarah E. Shaw, w Charles, fr Braintree, dau John A. Sampson, s 1351

1873

1272 Jl 6 Edward T. Gisby, mo 1093, grfa 928, d '77 7 17 ae 23

1875

1273 Mh 7 Florence (Eddy) Jedermann, w R., m '89, fa 1208, dis House of Hope, St. Paul, Min. '89 8 25
1274 " Herbert O. McCrillis, fa 1199, dis Winslow ch. Taunton '79 6 29
1275 Jl 2 Clarinda Thatcher, w Lewis, fa 994, br 1085
1276 " Sara Stephens Williams, mo 991, sis 1127, dis Presb. ch. Seattle, Wash. '94 2 11
1277 " Rev. Theophilus Parsons Sawin (1278) fr Manchester, N. H. dis W. Somerville '78 1 25
1278 " Martha M. Sawin (1277) fr Manchester, N. H., o Mason, dis W. Somerville '78 1 25
1279 " Lura S. Sawin, fa 1277, fr Manchester, N. H., dis W. Somerville '78 1 25
1280 " William M. Sawin, fa 1277, fr Manchester, N. H., dis W. Somerville '78 1 25
(970) Se 3 Ann Elizabeth (Eddy) Pratt (976) fr Beneficent ch., Providence, R. I., fa 682, mo 797

1876

1281 Jl 2 Lucy Ann Morse, w Emerson P., dau John Blackburn, dis Advent ch. '93 12 14

1877

(1121) My 4 *William W. Wood* (1282) fr Eliot ch., Newton, dea '78–89
1282 " Anna S. Wood (1121) fr Eliot ch., Newton, dau Josiah Bennett
1283 Jl 1 Ephraim Hathaway (1284) s Randall
1284 " Isabella Priscilla Hathaway (1283) dau Isaac Shurtleff
1285 " Asaph E. Howard (1180) s of Asaph
1286 " John Scanlin (1287) s of James
1287 " Betsy Barker Scanlin (1286) dau Josephus Bump, 1st h Cyrus P. Caswell, d 1894 9 4, ae 76
1288 " Elizabeth H. Shurtleff, 2d w of Lothrop, dau Richard Whitmore
1289 " Marcia Weston, dau Seneca, d '90 4 22 ae 72

1290 Jl 1 Winfield Scott Wright (1334) dau 1330, d '89 10 20 ae 48
1291 Sep 2 Clara A. Bagnall, dau Oliver
1292 " Alice H. Cornish, fa 1110
1293 " George Alton Cox (1299) s of George
1294 " Elvira Elizabeth (Cushman) Eddy (1252) sis 1128, 1129
1295 " Deborah L. Driggs, fa 1150
1296 " Mary A. Driggs, fa 1150, d '89 9 21 ae 37
1297 " Mary F. (Hagen) Smith (1352) mo 1230
1298 " Roxana E. (Hagen) Bryant (1201) mo 1230
1299 " Clara Augusta (Hagen) Cox (1293) mo 1230
1300 " John T. Haskell, dis CCC '83 4 29 s of John,
1301 " Augusta Hope Morse, w Thomas, sis 1151, 1258, grfa 918
1302 " John P. Morse (1303) sis 1304, s of Barzillai
1303 " Fidelia J. Morse (1302) dau Lorenzo Thomas, grfa 918
1304 " Lucy F. Morse, br 1302
1305 " Luther W. Savery, br 1267, d '86 10 25 ae 46
1306 " Benjamin Shurtleff, s of Barzillai, dau 1307, d '93 4 21 ae 81
1307 " B. Jennie (Shurtleff) Shaw, w Benjamin C., fa 1306
1308 " Cynthia A. Shurtleff, w Virgil, dau Ephraim Butler, dis Bap. ch. '87 3 4
1309 " Augustus L. Thomas (1310) fa 957
1310 " Theodosia B. Thomas (1309) dau Thomas Vaughan of Carver
1311 " John B. Thomas (1371) sis 1324, s of Arad, dis CCC '89 12 19
1312 " Susan Louise (Thomas) Palmer, dau Geo., w. Stephen H., dis Princeton, Minn.
1313 " Emma B. Washburn, w Asaph Foster, sis 1216
1314 No 4 Addie A. (Penniman) Bryant, w Wallace, fa 1231, mo 1130
1315 " Matilda R. (Simmons) Freeman (1185) dau Henry A.
1316 " Jabez Francis Smith, s of Jabez, aunts 865, 1051, dis Rock '83 11 2
1317 " Mary H. Soule, fa 1137, d '78 11 15 ae 16
1318 " Irene L. (Soule) Deane (1344) m '94, fa 1137

1878

1319 Se 1 Samuel Shaw Butler, s of Samuel, sus '79 9 5
1320 " Rev. NATHAN T. DYER (1321) fr Union ch. Groton, dis N. Dighton '87 8 7
1321 " Harriet M. Dyer (1320) o Mann, fr Union ch. Groton, dis N. Dighton '87 8 7
1322 " John Elijah McMann, s of William
1323 " Samuel Dexter Raymond, s of Samuel, cous 1335
1324 " Lucy Williams (Thomas) Bourne, w Fred, br 1311

(1087) Se 1 Francis T. Thurston (1258) fr M. E. ch.
(1258) " Marcia E. Thurston (1087) fr M. E. ch.
1325 " Edgar Warren Wood (1360) fa 1091
1326 " Mary Caswell (Wood) Bowman (1362) fa 1091, d '88 2 14 ae 22
1327 " Horace Franklin Wood (1226) fr Eliot ch. Newton, fa 1234, br 1121, dau 1383
(1226) " Lucretia E. Wood (1327) fr. Eliot ch. Newton
1328 " Lucy Jane (Wrightington) Vaughan, w Harry, fa 1361, br 1329, dis Allen St. M. E. ch. N. Bedford '86 9 2
1329 " Charles Gilbert Wrightington (1401) fa 1361
1330 " Kate Lewis Wright, fa 1290, d '79 5 18 ae 18

1879

1331 Ja 3 Mary E. Bryant (1201) fr Freetown, m '76, dau Thomas Evans, d '83 4 24 ae 31
1332 " Lucy H. Deane, w Orien E., dau J. Higgins of Orleans, dau 1333, 1345, s 1344, 1397
1333 " Mary Eliza Deane, mo 1332
1334 Se 5 Mercy M. Wright (1290) dau Robert Weston, d '84 5 22 ae 40

1880

1335 Ja 2 Frederic R. Raymond, s of John, cous 1323, dis Bap. ch. S. Halifax '86 12 19

1883

1336 My 4 Charles Morton Bryant, fa 1154
1337 " Henry Solon Bryant, sis 1338, s of Henry
1338 " Susan May Bryant, br 1337
1339 " Charles Warren Coffin (1340) mo 1136
1340 " Henrietta Eliza Coffin (1339) dau Rufus Butler of Falmouth
1341 " Herbert Willard Cornish, fa 1110
1342 " Eudora Frances (Crosby) Dempsey, fa 1188, w Robert M.
1343 " Ella Louisa Deane, mo 1117, dis Porter ch. Brockton '95 1 27
1344 " Albert Deane (1318) mo 1332
1345 " Florence Deane, mo 1332
1346 " Reuben Harlow (1364) d '89 3 5 in Lakeville, ae 69
1347 " William Francis Malloy, s of Edward J., d '83 8 18 ae 19
1348 " Walter Clifton McCrillis, fa 1199
1349 " Irene Bradford (Pratt) Brett, fa 1149, mo 1350, dis '93 17, 1st ch. Brockton
1350 " Irene Shaw Pratt (1149) dau of Luther Bradford, br 1131, dau 1349
1351 " Charles Augustus Shaw, mo 1271
1352 " Albert Wilson Smith (1297) fa 1232

1353 My 4 Emma Janette Sparrow, o Ward, w Samuel, dis CCC '91 2 15
1354 " Sarah Fearing Crocker Sparrow, dau Luther S. W. King, w Fred C.
1355 " Sarah Lauretta (Sparrow) Washburn, fa 1186, m T. A. F. '93
1356 " Cora Frances Thompson, fa 1123
1357 " Leslie Irving Thompson, fa 1103, mo 1129
1358 " Lily Henrietta Richmond Andrews (Thornton) Durfee, w Henry K., dau Wm.
1359 " Rhoda Savery (Waterman) Ellis, niece of 1084, w Harrison B., dau James H.
1360 " Annie Ardelia (Wood) Bowman (1325, 1362) fa 1154
1361 " Soranus Gilbert Wrightington (960) s 1329, dau 1328, d '85 11 25 ae 66
1362 Je 24 Abram Lincoln Bowman (1326, 1360) s of Stephen E.
1363 " Mabelle Williams Clark, mo 1127, dis Episc. ch. Westerly, R. I. '94 3 18
1364 " Betsey Harlow (1346) fr Central ch. Chelmsford, dau John Shaw
1365 " Annie Wyman (Harwood) Cross, w Chas. E., dau Henry V., dis Bridgewater '86 12 19
1366 " Mary White Phinney, fa 1231, mo 1130, w Zenas
1367 " Mary Ryan, dis Wareham '93 12 14

1884

1368 My 4 Betsy Savery Shaw (1215) dau Benj. F. Dunham

1886

1369 My 2 Fred A. Conant, s of Winslow, fr Meth. ch., dis '92 1 1 to M. E. ch. N. Easton
1370 " Lura Lorena Dunham, w Charles H., o Lewis, d '90 9 5 ae 24
1371 " Sarah Addie Thomas (1311) dau Chas. Thomas, dis CCC '89 12 19

1887

1372 Mh 4 Annie S. Thomas, dau George, dis CCC '89 6 9
1373 Jl 3 Arabella Penniman, fa 1231
1374 " Jason F. Thurston, fa 1087, dis '92 4 3 to M. E. ch.

1889

1375 Mh 1 Rev. Josiah Weare Kingsbury (1376) fr Deerfield, N. H., dau 1380, dis Braintree '94 4 22
1376 " Mary H. Kingsbury (1375) fr Deerfield, N. H., dau Charles Jackson, dis Braintree '94 4 22
1377 Oc 31 William J. Kingsbury, fa 1375, fr Derry, N. H., dis Raymond, N. H. '91 12 27

1890

1378 My 4 William Pitt Fessenden, sis 1379, br 1386, s of Marshall
1379 " Sabina Elizabeth Fessenden, br 1378, 1386
1380 " Mabel H. Kingsbury, fa 1375, dis Braintree '93 12 21
1381 " Ethel Gertrude Nichols, fa 1391
1382 " Rachel May Tinkham, sis 1384, 1393, dau of Sylvanus
1383 " Nellie Franklin Wood, fa 1327
1384 Jl 6 Annie J. Ryder, sis 1382, 1393, w S. Everett
1385 " George Herbert Wilbur, fa 1254, mo 1255

1891

1386 Se 4 Edward Warren Fessenden (1400) fr Mayflower ch. Kingston, br 1378, sis 1379

1892

1387 No 20 Rev. George Warren Stearns (1388) fr Acton
1388 " Sarah Elizabeth Stearns (1387) fr Acton, dau Oliver S. Dow
1389 " Eleanor A. Bradbury, fr Acton, dau Samuel

1893

1390 My 7 Lewis R. Thomas (1160 2d w) fr Salmon Falls, N. H. mo 1073, br 957, sis 1074

1894

1391 Ja 7 Frank A. Nichols (1392) dau 1381, s of Stephen S.
1392 " Mima Wilbur Nichols (1391) fa 1254, sis 1226, br 1385
1393 Jl 1 Emma Elvira Tinkham, sis 1382, 1384
1394 " Florence J. E. Wood, dau Edgar D.
1395 Se 23 Caroline Florence Cody, w John H., fr ch. of the Covenant, Shelby, Ala.
1396 " Jane W. Warren, fr Lincoln, Me., wid Osman, dau Humphrey Chadbourne

1895

1397 Ja 6 George Alfred Deane, mo 1332
1398 Mh 3 Ira Orsamus Littlejohn (1399) fa 1148, mo 1062
1399 Mh 10 Dorcas Susan Littlejohn (1398) dau Thomas Powell, fr Union ch. Newport, R. I.
1400 " Laura J. Fessenden (1386) dau Thomas H. La Porte, fr Mayflower ch. Kingston
1401 Jl 7 Roxanna C. Wrightington (1329) dau Samuel S. Keyes

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